

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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"FOURway"  
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'Are you a **POLLYGAMIST?**

A POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'  
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Apollinaris NATURAL SPARKLING WATER—BOTTLED AT THE SPRING

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Great stuff this

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The charm of a room, the subtlety of its decor, is emphasised by the choice of one of the striking BMK carpets. These carpets are guaranteed all wool pile, and it is also guaranteed that any damage by moth will be made good. With such a wide range to choose from, you will be sure to find a BMK to harmonise with any colour scheme.



**Guaranteed all wool pile  
CARPETS & RUGS**

BLACKWOOD MORTON & SONS LTD  
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# It's revealing to drive a ROVER . . .

You'll be astonished at the way the car takes rough surfaces smoothly in its stride. Ruts and potholes seem almost non-existent as the car glides over them.

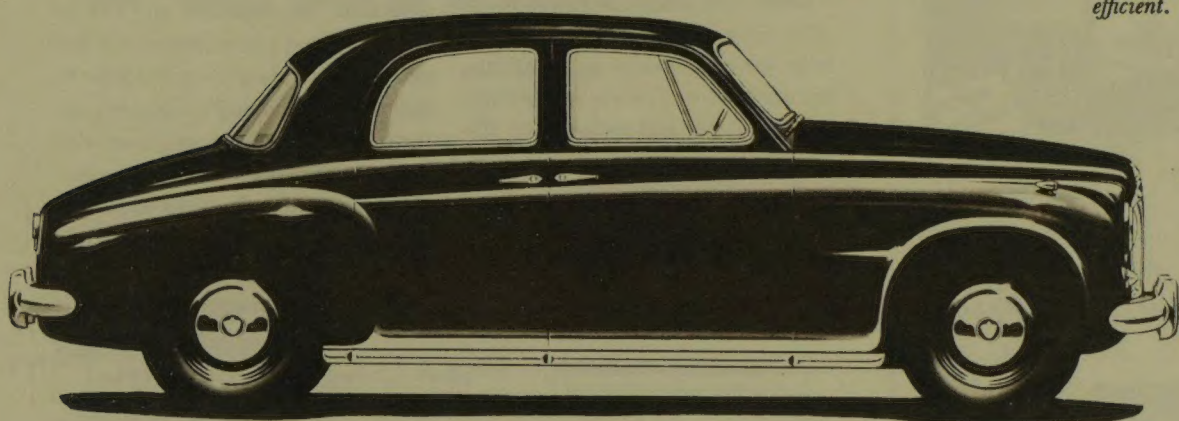
You'll enjoy having both pace and quiet at your command. Even at high speeds, engine and transmission noise has been reduced almost to vanishing point.

You'll appreciate the infinite care and thought that has been paid to the comfort of driver and passengers.

*The Rover co-ordinated suspension system allows plenty of vertical road wheel movement, while spring tensions and shock absorber settings ensure a smooth ride. The central bearing to the propeller shaft checks 'whip' and vibration.*

*The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, soundproof spraying and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.*

*All passengers sit well within the wheelbase, with front seat adjustable for height and rake and wide centre arm rests front and rear. Heating, de-misting, ventilating and draught-proofing are exceptionally efficient.*



# ROVER

SIXTY · SEVENTY-FIVE · NINETY

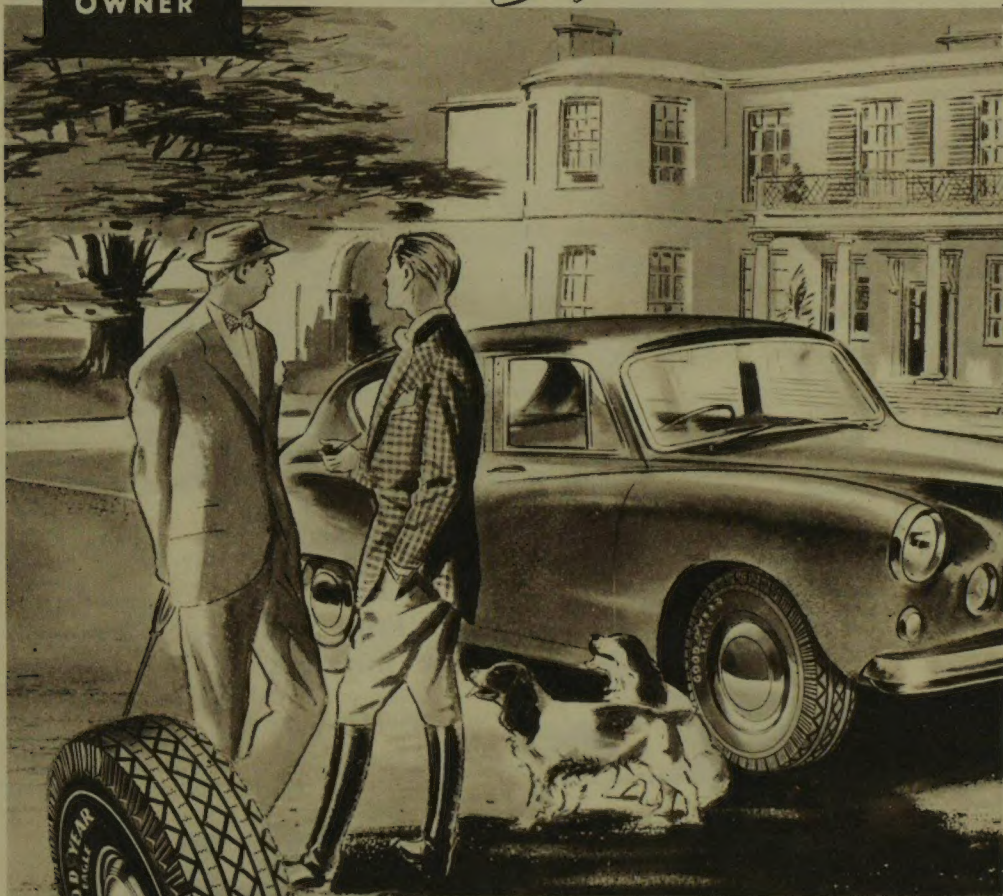
Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-272

TO THE  
BIG CAR  
OWNER

WHY THE *Eagle* IS BY FAR THE BEST TYRE FOR YOUR CAR

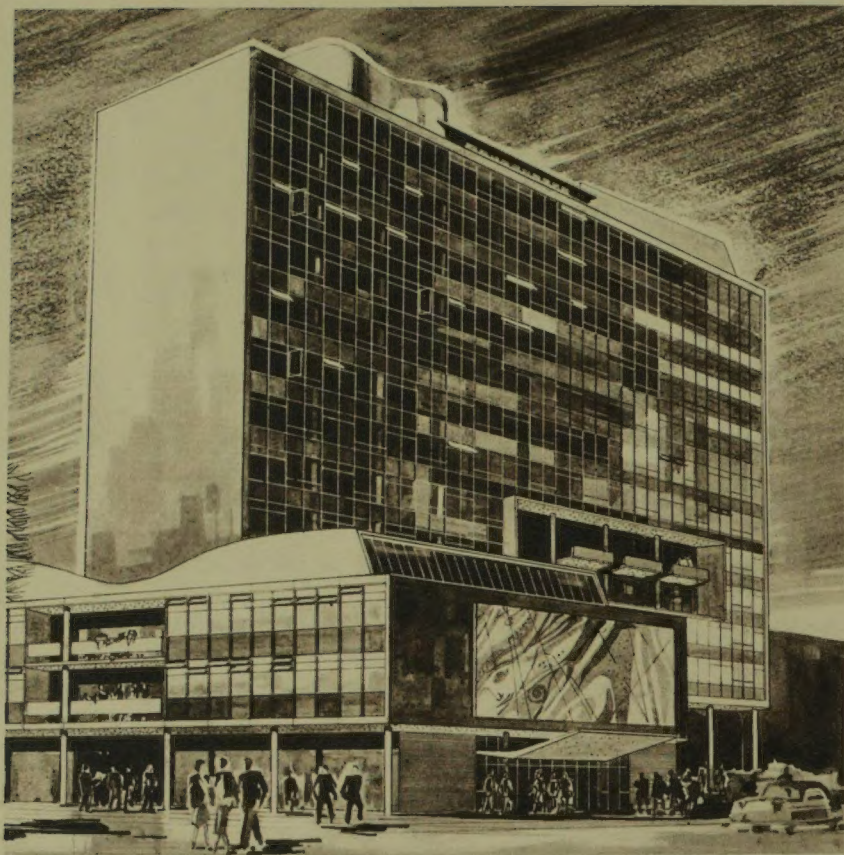


THE  
*Eagle*  
THE ULTIMATE  
IN CAR TYRE QUALITY

BIG CARS put extra burdens on tyres. That's why the Eagle by Goodyear is by far the best tyre you can fit. Special construction makes it stronger through and through. Its carcass is built with Rayotwist cords to give it resilience and greater resistance to heat, shock, and strain. The tread is tougher to combat fast starts, high speeds and quick stops. Buttressed sidewalls protect it from kerb scuffing and make cornering far steadier. And its proved All-Weather tread gives greatest grip on any road surface. In short, the Eagle provides the utmost in mileage, luxurious riding comfort and long life — the best choice for the bigger car.

You can trust **GOOD YEAR** FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR





## *Beauty that's good for business*

# WALLSPAN

*The use of Wallspan for Outer Walls offers your architect greater scope and opportunity in the design of any new building you contemplate. Wallspan can give you an impressive, colourful building that will retain its beauty—and its value—through the smoke and grime of the years.*

**Why Wallspan will give you a Building you'll be proud of.** Nowadays the weight of a building is borne by the structural frame. The outer walls, which provide the setting for windows and doors, are essentially protective and decorative, keeping the weather out and the warmth in and giving the building a suitable facade.

With Wallspan, the facade can be far more colourful and graceful, far more imaginative in design. For Wallspan outer walls consist of a grid of aluminium alloy which is bolted to the frame of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the grid is completed with any of a wide variety of beautiful panelling materials, which can be faced in glass, stone, metal, wood and so on, each in a choice of colours. So the use of Wallspan gives your architect completely new opportunities to design not only a building you'll be proud of, but one that will *keep* its beautiful appearance and its value.

**No maintenance.** Wallspan walls need neither pointing nor painting. They can be kept clean by an occasional wash-down by the window cleaners.

**More Floor Space and More Warmth.** Wallspan grid members can be as little as 5 inches thick, carrying panelling about 2 inches thick, compared with the 11 inch thickness of traditional walls. Thus you get *extra* rentable floor space all round every floor. The walls, moreover, are not only weather-proof and durable, but can easily be constructed to offer 50 per cent. more heat-retention than cavity brick.

**Walls up in DAYS, too.** Finally, Wallspan walls are so simple to erect, they can be put up in a matter of days.

It will be well worth your while to discuss with your architect the use of Wallspan in any new building you are planning—office, factory, shop, store, warehouse, school . . .

**WALLSPAN  
CURTAIN  
WALLING**

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS**

RELIANCE WORKS · CHESTER

*You'll be using your building sooner—much sooner—if it has Wallspan Walls!*

### WORKERS IN THE TEAM

*Number 10 in a series*

**A**NALYTICAL CHEMISTRY is Donald Brereton's job. Every material used in building and civil engineering — from cement and aggregates for concrete to tiles and paint — comes to the laboratories where he works for exact assessment of its properties. He visits sites to help solve problems and improve results, and takes part in research on new materials and techniques. His life is busy and varied, and he knows that his work is constructive.

The section of which Donald is a junior member is part of an organization within the company which



is actively applying science to the selection, development and use of materials and plant. Already it has made outstanding contributions to economy, speed and quality in construction; its usefulness grows with each advance of knowledge systematically recorded. It works as part of the team whose activities at home and overseas are based on accurate study of requirements and methods.



JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED  
Building and Civil Engineering Contractors

GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA  
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*The well balanced Liqueur...*



Indispensable in:-  
★ Cocktails  
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*Extra Dry*

Sole Importers:

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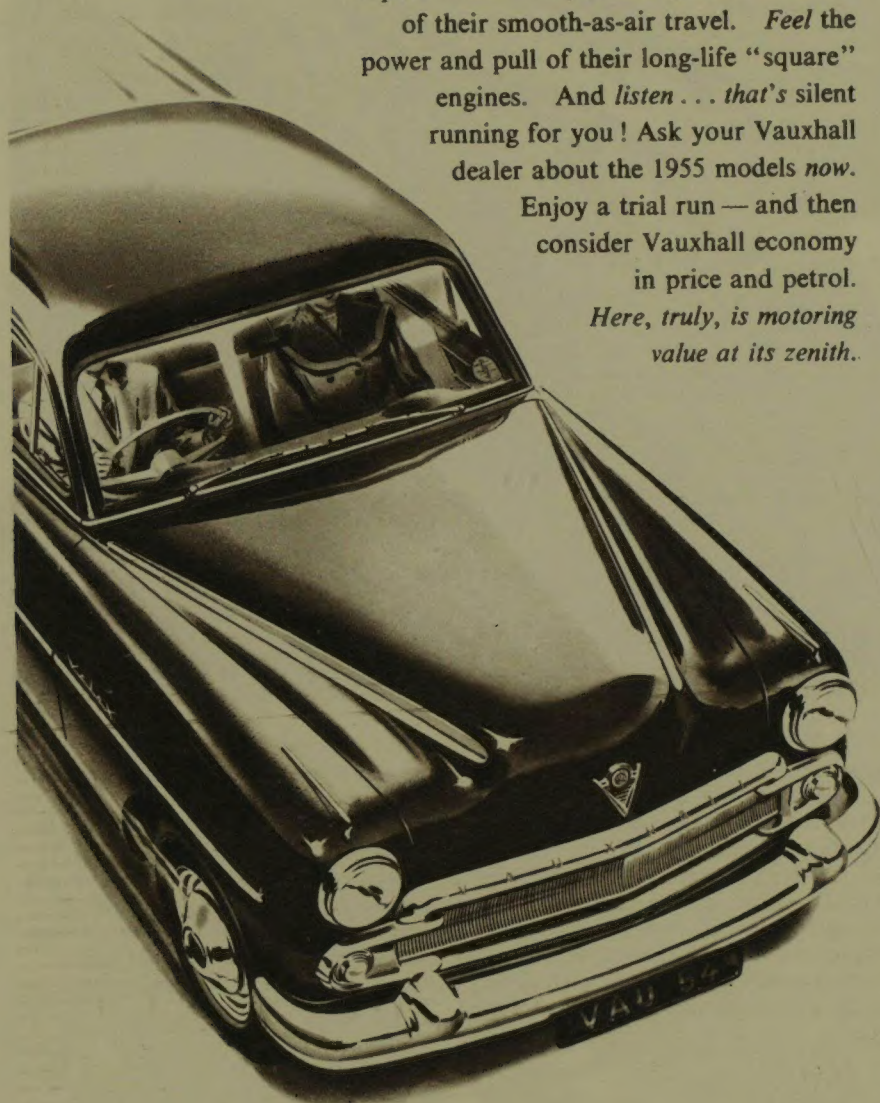


**VELOX!****CRESTA!****WYVERN!***the hat-trick by***Vauxhall**

What great cars these new Vauxhalls are! See their handsome styling, the radiant colours and the superb finish. Enjoy the spacious comfort of their smooth-as-air travel. Feel the power and pull of their long-life "square" engines. And listen... that's silent running for you! Ask your Vauxhall dealer about the 1955 models now.

Enjoy a trial run — and then consider Vauxhall economy in price and petrol.

Here, truly, is motoring value at its zenith.

**The six-cylinder Velox**

Outstanding performance with unusually good economy. 2½ litre engine. Choice of seven attractive exterior colours. Maximum speed over 80 m.p.h. Exceptional top gear performance. Price £535 plus £224.0.10. P.T.

**The 6-cylinder Cresta**

All the verve of the Velox, plus added luxury in styling and appointments. Choice of 11 colours, including 4 two-colour options. Leather upholstery. Price £595 plus £249.0.10. P.T.

**The 4-cylinder Wyvern**

Outstanding economy with unusually good performance. 1½ litre engine. Maximum speed over 70 m.p.h. Price £495 plus £207.7.6. P.T.

All models have "square" engines with 6.5 or 7.3 to 1 compression ratio.

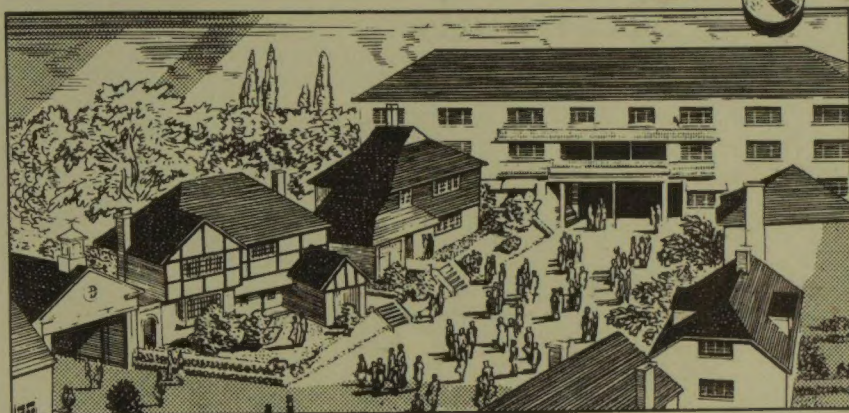
Vauxhall Motors Limited • Luton • Bedfordshire

# Britain's greatest Shop-window

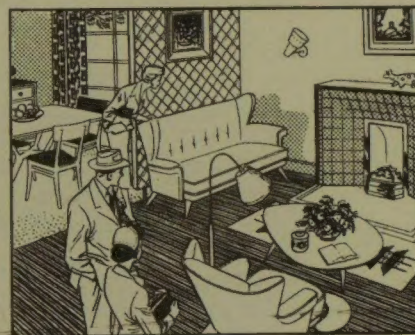
*Here again in all its  
breath-taking variety!*

HERE'S everything you wish yourself—everything you've dreamed of for your home, here to inspire you with new ideas, here to be planned for, here to be chosen.

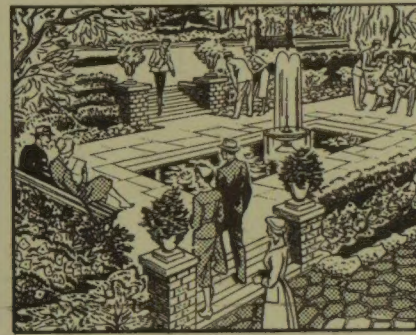
The Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition is where you see new ideas first. You can see them in use, inspect them, sample them. The four wonderful weeks of Britain's great family exhibition begin at Olympia on March 1st.



Wander round the Village on the Hill—modern homes you can build or rent yourself, embodying everything that's up-to-the-minute.



See the very latest thing in furnishing, decorating, heating and lighting.



Enchantment for garden-lovers in this restful oasis of colour and greenery and soft music.



Do-it-yourself! A demonstration theatre for the handyman and crafts enthusiast.

**All for your delight...**

\* **Wedding Pavilion**—everything for a romantic occasion \* **Family Doctor**—feature on home health \* **Dutch Market** \* **Regency Rooms** of the famous—authentically furnished with the help of their descendants \* **Denmark**—'at home with the Danes'. \* **The Ideal Kitchen** \* **Caravan Town**—every imaginable variation on the theme of homes on wheels \* The latest manifestations of Fashion and Beauty \* **The Y.W.C.A. Flat**

## THE DAILY MAIL Ideal Home EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA • MARCH 1 - 26

Open daily (except Sundays) 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

**ADMISSION 3/-** Children under 15, half-price. Tickets also obtainable from all branches of Keith Prowse or direct from 'Tickets,' The Daily Mail, 20 Tudor St., London, E.C.4



*The English Way of Life . . . No. 2 in a Series*

“The  
Mermaids  
are  
late  
this  
year...”

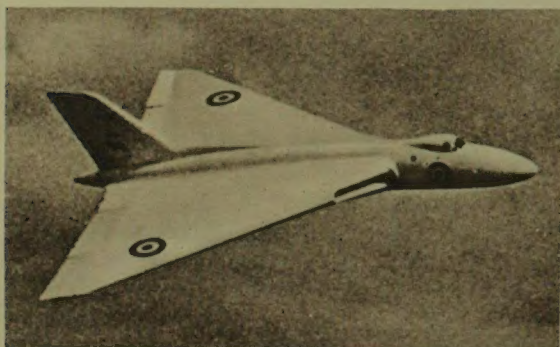


Sitting quietly in his London Club, Colonel Russell is not a man whose demeanour suggests a martial past. His hobby is rose growing: Lady Hillingdon, de Meaux, Mermaids . . . Colonel Russell takes his coffee slowly, and before returning to Threadneedle Street may stop for a moment to discuss his roses with Charles, the Hall Porter. “The Mermaids are late this year . . .” But don’t let Colonel Russell’s rather reticent manner deceive you for a moment. The slight stiffness in his right leg (which gets worse in the cold weather) dates from the first World War. In 1916, as Captain Russell, he was severely wounded when leading his company against six enemy machine gun posts.

Today we are all faced with the threat of a third, more terrible, World War. But one thing is certain. Britain’s friends and foes alike can count on there being enough

‘Captain Russells’ to spring forward at the right moment. But courage and determination by themselves are not enough. They must be backed with up-to-date equipment.

This is why the Hawker Siddeley Group of companies is so important to Britain. Aircraft and aero engines designed and perfected by Group companies provide the essential equipment of security. The unquestioned excellence of Group aircraft like the Hawker Hunter, Gloster Javelin and Avro Vulcan proclaim our faith in freedom across the skies today. Over 65,000 skilled workers, technicians and aeronautical engineers man the immense production facilities of the Hawker Siddeley Group, forging the tools of national security. This combination of men, machines and aeronautical genius is a safeguard that, as long as there’s an England, there will always be gardens, roses and men like Colonel Russell.



**THE AVRO VULCAN**  
World’s first 4-jet Delta bomber  
*The aerodynamic simplicity of the Vulcan makes it easier and safer to handle at near-sonic speeds and high altitudes. Great range, fighter-like manoeuvrability and ‘built-in’ development potential are the striking features of this large bomber. No other high-flying bomber in the air today is so fast, safe and reliable.*

## Hawker Siddeley Group

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HIGH DUTY ALLOYS • KELVIN CONSTRUCTION • and in Canada: CANADA AVRO AIRCRAFT • ORENDA ENGINES • CANADIAN STEEL IMPROVEMENT



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1955.



**A HAPPY ROYAL OCCASION: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH THE ROYAL CHILDREN, ENTERTAINING THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND QUEEN SURAYA AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**

On February 18 the Shah of Persia and Queen Suraya were entertained to luncheon at Buckingham Palace by her Majesty the Queen. It was a happy occasion for the Queen and her family and for the Royal visitors from Persia, as can be seen from this charming photograph which shows the Shah and Queen Suraya standing between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Princess Anne, who is standing in front of her mother, is smiling happily, and her presence with the Duke of

Cornwall stressed the friendliness and informality of the occasion. The Shah and Queen Suraya arrived in London on February 16 at the start of a week's private visit to this country, which was especially welcomed as marking the end of a period of strain in Anglo-Persian relations. Before their visit to this country the Shah and Queen Suraya spent two months in the United States. Other photographs of the Royal visitors from Persia appear elsewhere in this issue.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY now and then, amid the crashing detonation of atomic-bombs—experimental—and the sound of eminent statesmen dropping bricks on both sides of the Atlantic, one can hear the familiar and reassuring roar of a friendly broadside discharged through the columns of *The Times* newspaper by some very senior Admiral at some very senior Air Marshal and immediately afterwards the answering thunder as the Air Marshal empties his bomb-racks in reply. Field Marshals, mostly a reticent race, seldom join in this inter-Service sport which is normally confined to the senior and junior Services. Somewhere in the chaotic recesses of my memory there is tucked away—alas, out of reach!—a wonderful poem by my friend, Sir Alan Herbert, describing a gallant Admiral, or it may have been an Admiral of the Fleet, making ready to write with all a sailor's vehemence to our chief national organ of news and opinion. How it would brighten this page if I could only remember and quote from it! But alas! nothing of it remains in my mind but its rhythm, which is like a great swell coming in across the West Bay from Biscay and the wide Atlantic. It makes me snuff the sea even to think of it, and I never read an Admiral's letter in the public prints without catching for a happy moment the distant sound and surge of it. And when there are no more Admirals to write to *The Times* and no more Air Marshals to reply, England, so far as I am concerned, will have ceased to be England.

Nor, when that day comes—if it ever does—will there be any England. For this country lives and has long lived, though its sheltered people sometimes forget it, by virtue of the Royal Navy. And since 1940, and a little before, it has lived equally by virtue of the Royal Air Force. These two great Services in our hour of need bore on their broad and valiant shoulders the burden of all our sins and neglects; and it is small wonder that when a paladin of the one appears to overlook, even by a tittle, the greatness and achievement of the other, he is answered in kind, and with no uncertain voice, by a champion of the other. And since no British Admiral ever hauls down his flag under constraint, and since British Air Marshals are every whit as stubborn in fight, the controversy between them is one that can never have a wholly convincing ending or, indeed, any ending at all. Until, that is, there is no more sea and no more air, and we are all spirits!

Yet it is a controversy that needs resolving in some practical way, even though it cannot be ended in a logical one. For on its solution, as in the years between 1939 and 1945, our survival may at any moment depend. It is the knowledge of this that makes our retired Admirals and Air Marshals engage one another's opinions with such vigour and earnestness. For each is aware of something profoundly true that concerns—and vitally—every man, woman and child in these islands. We are encircled by sea and we are encompassed by air and nothing can reach us from the outer world—friend or foe, life-giving food or death-dealing missile—that does not cross the sea, whether on its surface or above it, and that is not liable on its way to attack from the air. The first business of the Royal Navy is to guard the approaches to England and to keep open the trade-routes on which her livelihood and life depend. And the first business of the Royal Air Force, as we learnt in 1940, is the same. Both these great Services, too, have another function, though merely to serve the end of the first; its nature is, perhaps, best expressed by that phrase of Nelson's in which he spoke of his conceiving it to be the surest defence of England to place himself alongside the enemy's ports. Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris, and

the brave men of Bomber Command, in those ceaseless battles over Ruhr, Rhine and Berlin, understood the meaning of Nelson's phrase; when they placed themselves above the guns of Peenemunde they saved from destruction, among other places, the city and metropolis of London. And the young air-crews who flew into the inferno above Taranto harbour in their slow, steady *Swordfish*, in the dark days of 1940, to immobilise the Italian battle-

fleet at the most critical moment of our country's history, were performing the same high function, writing truth, like their brothers of the R.A.F., with the blood they shed for Britain and her continuing cause for freedom. There can be no real rivalry and no real dispute between men who serve so flawlessly, and with such selfless sacrifice, the same ideal.

Both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force are necessary to Britain and her enduring life; we can not exist without both. The weapons with which they fight have changed and will continue to change: the ends for which they stand guard and for which, if need arise, they must fight, remain the same. If any aerial Power hostile to us gained uninterrupted control of the air above our island or the seas round it, our national life would go out like a candle. And if any Power could completely close even for a month, by whatever weapon, the sea-lanes along which we are fed, we should suffocate as surely as a man whose windpipe is slit. Had it not been for the creation, in the quarter of a century that preceded the Battle of Britain, of the Royal Air Force, with its superlative skill and germinating tradition, our command of the sea would have been unavailing. To the man whose vision, enthusiasm, faith and constancy that creation was primarily due—Lord Trenchard—England, I believe, owes more than to any other single man, not even excepting Winston Churchill. And had it not been for the continuance of the Royal Navy and of its ancient skill and tradition in sea mastery, our victory in the Battle of Britain would have availed us nothing either. Both Services are facets of a single and, to us, indispensable truth.

In the long run, I believe their future will be together. We are not a land-Power, though, as has been twice proved in a generation, exceptional circumstances and the educative and self-renewing tradition of the British Army—that little, valiant, selfless professional force that lives by pride of Regiment—can for a brief while make us one. But we have no need or wish to conquer others; our only concern is to preserve our national being and hand down to others the tradition of justice and freedom which our fathers, in this happily situated island, contrived to leave to us and others. We shall succeed in doing that in the future, as we have succeeded in doing it in the past, by safeguarding the sea and air around us. And the further and wider we can make that control of water and air, the more widespread throughout the world will be the virtues in which we believe—gentleness, justice, freedom and truth. "It may be said now to England"—and how

unchangingly true the words still ring across the changing centuries—"Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things! To the question what shall we do to be saved in this world, there is no other answer but this: Look to your moat!" And by moat we mean, not only the water in the moat but the air over it and above us. For this reason, therefore, it may be that the day will come when England's Admiralty and England's Air Ministry will be one and the same, and the wisdom and tradition of both—one so venerable and the other so young, yet both so vigorous and wise—will be blended to form a single Service and that Service at once our country's first line-of-defence and the means by which we make our historic faith and conscience effective in the world.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: REPRODUCTIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM  
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 24, 1855.



"MISS NIGHTINGALE IN THE HOSPITAL, AT SCUTARI."

"Although the public have been presented with several portrait-sketches of the lady who has so generously left this country to attend to the sufferings of the sick and wounded at Constantinople, we have assurance that these pictures are 'singularly and painfully unlike.' We have, therefore, taken the most direct means of obtaining a Sketch of this excellent lady, in the dress she now wears, in one of 'the corridors of the sick' in the Hospital at Scutari. A recent letter in the *Times* bears the following testimony to the humane services of Miss Nightingale: 'Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, . . . there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. . . . When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.'"



"THE STREETS AND THE WEATHER."

"WHAT MR. JOHN RATTLER (BADGE NO. 5...9) THINKS OF THE MATTER."

"... The streets is downright hawful, that they is all snowy and icy, Without no signs of a change, but, on the con-tra-ry, quite *verse wice* As to keeping a hanimal up to his work, I'm whipped if you can this slidy weather, He's up and down like a rocking-hoss, and never on four legs together! Driving's bad enough, but my whiskers! ain't it the North Pole on the rank! . . ."





A BRILLIANT FIGURE IN AN EMBROIDERED SATIN DRESS: QUEEN SURAYA LEAVING THE PERSIAN EMBASSY ON HER WAY, WITH THE SHAH, TO HAVE DINNER WITH SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN.



LEAVING THE PERSIAN EMBASSY FOR A DRIVE IN LONDON: THE SHAH OF PERSIA WITH QUEEN SURAYA, WHO IS WEARING A MAGNIFICENT FUR COAT.

DURING THEIR WELCOME VISIT TO LONDON: THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND QUEEN SURAYA FULFILLING SOME OF THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.



PERSIA'S LOVELY QUEEN IN LONDON: QUEEN SURAYA PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE WEEK WHICH SHE AND THE SHAH SPENT IN BRITAIN.



AT THE PERSIAN EMBASSY, WHERE THE SHAH AND QUEEN SURAYA STAYED DURING THEIR VISIT TO LONDON: THE SHAH IN CONVERSATION WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN, WHO WAS MAKING A FORMAL CALL.

The Shah of Persia and Queen Suraya arrived at Southampton on February 16, in the liner *Queen Mary*, at the start of a week's private visit to Britain. They were welcomed at Waterloo Station by the Duke of Gloucester; Mr. Nutting, Minister of State, Foreign Office; and Mr. Soheily, the Persian Ambassador. During their visit the Royal couple stayed at the Persian Embassy in London. Although the visit was a private one, the Shah and Queen Suraya fulfilled a number of engagements and received a great welcome from the people of this



ON THE WAY TO TAKE TEA WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: QUEEN SURAYA SMILING AS SHE DROVE TO CLARENCE HOUSE.

country, who regarded the visit as marking the end of an unhappy period of strain in Anglo-Persian relations. On their first morning in London the Shah and Queen Suraya received Sir Anthony Eden at the Persian Embassy, and in the evening attended a dinner in their honour given by him and Lady Eden at Carlton Gardens. During the afternoon the Royal visitors took tea at Clarence House with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; and on the following day they were entertained to luncheon by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.



# THE DUKE'S MANY ACTIVITIES: GLASGOW, LINCOLNSHIRE AND LONDON.



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF GLASGOW IN THE BANQUETING-HALL OF THE CITY CHAMBERS; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACCEPTING THE CASKET CONTAINING THE BURGESS TICKET FROM THE LORD PROVOST, MR. T. A. KERR. THE TOWN CLERK, SIR WILLIAM KERR, AND DR. N. DAVIDSON, D.D., ARE SEATED (RIGHT).



AFTER PRESIDING AT THE COURT MEETING OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF SHIPWRIGHTS ON FEBRUARY 17; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENTERING THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.



AT THE SCOTTISH DAIRY SHOW, IN THE KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW, WHICH HE OPENED ON FEBRUARY 15; THE DUKE INSPECTING PRIZE CHEESES.



EXAMINING DAY-OLD CHICKS AT THE SCOTTISH DAIRY SHOW IN THE KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO SPENT SIX HOURS IN THE CITY ON FEBRUARY 15.



A GREETING TO AN ENTHUSIASTIC CHILD WHO WAVED A UNION FLAG AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PASSED; THE DUKE AT MABLETHORPE.



CONGRATULATING MR. AND MRS. R. SILCOCK, THE DISTRICT'S OLDEST MARRIED COUPLE, ON THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT MABLETHORPE.

The Duke of Edinburgh's recent official engagements have entailed much travel. After spending the week-end at Sandringham he flew on February 14 to Mablethorpe and Sutton, Lincolnshire, piloting the aircraft himself. Two years ago he saw the havoc caused by the floods of January 1953, and he expressed admiration at the rebuilding and improvements. He also visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Silcock, who were celebrating their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary, and drank their health. On February 15 he paid a six-hour visit to Glasgow to receive the Freedom of the City, and also of the Crafts Guildry. The latter ceremony admitted

him as an honorary member of the Incorporation of Hammermen, the oldest of the fourteen craft guilds. He also opened the Scottish Dairy Show, and inspected the numerous exhibits; and before flying south, his Royal Highness expressed to the Lord Provost, Mr. T. A. Kerr, the great pleasure he had derived from his visit. On February 17, in London, the Duke presided at the Court Meeting of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights, of which he has accepted the office of Permanent Master, and he attended the annual service at the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft.



# THE RAID ON THE RUMANIAN LEGATION AT BERNE: SCENES OF THE SIEGE.



THE RUMANIAN LEGATION IN BERNE SURROUNDED: STEEL-HELMETED SWISS TROOPS AND POLICE STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, SEIZED BY MEMBERS OF A RUMANIAN ANTI-COMMUNIST RESISTANCE MOVEMENT.



INSIDE THE LEGATION. THE RAIDERS' FIRST ACTION WAS SYSTEMATICALLY TO RANSACK THIS SAFE, DESTROYING MANY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.



THE RUMANIAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES ESCAPES: MR. EMERIC STOFFEL RAN FROM THE BUILDING WHEN THE RAIDERS ENTERED, AND ESCAPED, WITH HIS WIFE, OVER A WALL.



A LITTLE BOY IS TAKEN TO SAFETY: THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SON OF A LEGATION OFFICIAL IS CARRIED TO SAFETY BY A SWISS POLICEMAN.



A RAIDERS' KEYS WATCH: ON A BALCONY OF THE LEGATION, ONE OF THE THREE RUMANIANS WATCHES THE GROUNDS, WITH HIS GUN AT THE READY.



THE TENSION IS OVER: AFTER LONG TALKS WITH A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, THE THREE RAIDERS EMERGE AND THE THIRTY-SIX-HOUR SIEGE ENDS.



ARMoured SHIELDS FOR THE BESIEGERS: OUTSIDE THE LEGATION A SWISS SOLDIER LOOKS AT TWO SHIELDS READY TO BE USED IN AN ATTACK.

Within a few days, two incidents involving Rumanian Legations have led to provocative notes from the Rumanian Government to Denmark and Switzerland. On February 11, Ion Cimbu, a chauffeur at the Copenhagen Legation, approached the Danish Security Police, seeking political asylum. He was allowed to telephone his wife, and at a meeting arranged for the following evening, a Legation car drove up, but Mrs. Cimbu did not emerge; instead, an attempt was made to abduct the husband. Waiting Danish police preventing this were called "gangsters" by the Rumanian Chargé d'Affaires. Mrs. Cimbu later repudiated

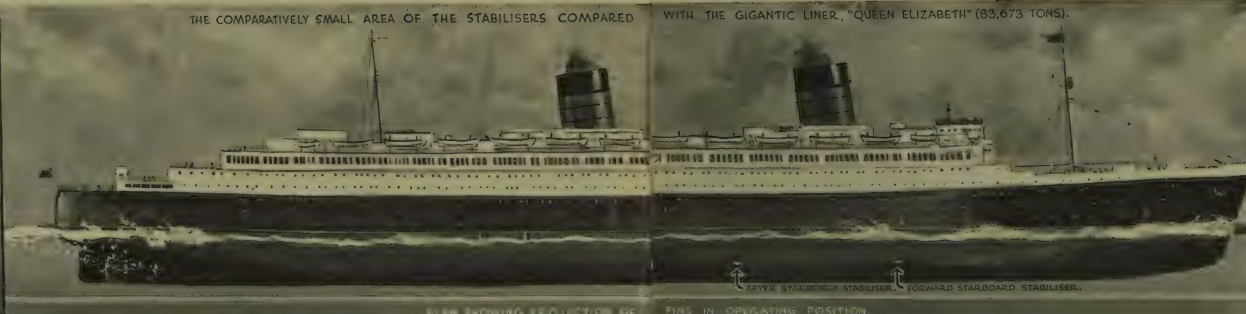
her husband, "of her own free will." The second incident began on February 15, when armed members of an anti-Communist resistance movement seized the Rumanian Legation at Berne shortly after midnight. A Legation chauffeur was shot dead, but the rest of the staff, including the Chargé d'Affaires, escaped. Swiss police and troops surrounded the building, and after a siege of 36 hours, the three armed exiles, who had long talks with a Roman Catholic priest, gave themselves up. A fourth had been arrested earlier; two others escaped. The Swiss authorities have refused to extradite the men, who will be tried by Swiss law.





THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL AREA OF THE STABILISERS COMPARED

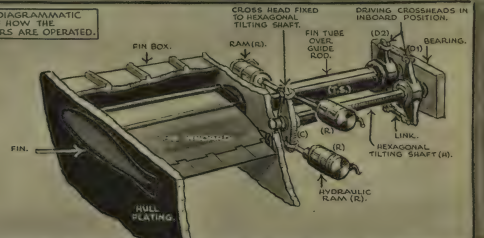
WITH THE GIGANTIC LINER, "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (83,673 TONS).



STARBOARD FIN WITH THE LEADING EDGE ANGLED DOWN AND SO DIGGING INTO THE WATER, AND EXERTING A DOWNWARD PRESSURE.

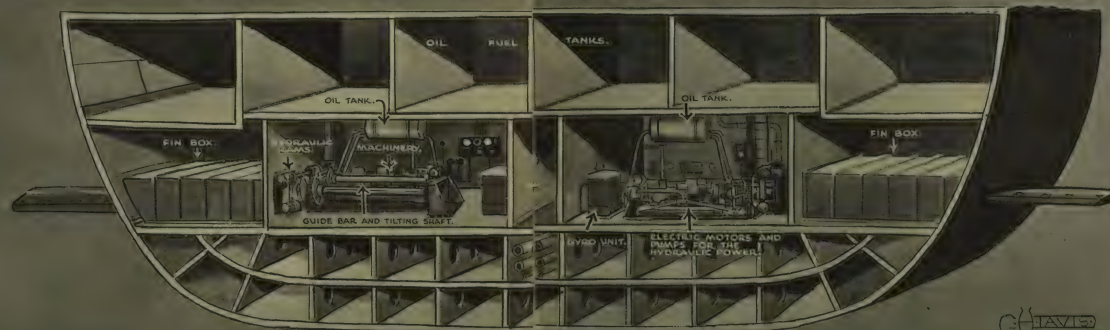


SIMPLE DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF HOW THE STABILISERS ARE OPERATED.



THE FIN IS ATTACHED TO A TUBULAR SHAFT (T.S.) WHICH CONTAINS THE HYDRAULIC RAMS (R) WHICH ARE CONNECTED TO A CROSS HEAD (C) WHICH IS CAPABLE OF SLIDING ALONG IT IS THE CROSS HEAD (C) WHICH IS CONNECTED TO THE TILT THE HEXAGONAL TILTING SHAFT AND THIS IN TURN MOVES THE

DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE FORWARD PORT AND STARBOARD STABILISERS IN THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH".



STARBOARD FIN WITH LEADING EDGE ANGLED UPWARDS AND FLAPPING, SO EXERTING AN UPWARD PRESSURE.

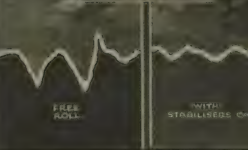


HOW THE STABILISERS DAMP DOWN THE ROLL OF A SHIP. (COMPARATIVE REPRESENTATIONS)

IN AN AVERAGE SEA.



IN VERY BAD CONDITIONS.



THE DIMENSIONS OF ONE OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" STABILISERS.



## AN ADDED LUXURY FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST LINER: FITTING TWIN STABILISERS TO THE QUEEN

Stabilising fins, such as those shown in the drawings above, have now been fitted to many ships, from cross-channel steamers to large liners, and have fully proved their worth—not only in providing greater comfort for the passengers, but also in such matters as reducing the huge bills for broken crockery in bad weather. So clear is the case for such fins that the great 83,673-ton liner *Queen Elizabeth*, now refitting at Southampton, is being provided with stabilisers. The *Queen Elizabeth* is far and away the largest ship to have this device and, owing to her size, she is being provided with two fins to port and two fins to starboard, the first time that twin fins of this type have been fitted to a ship. The

Denny-Brown stabilisers are being installed by Messrs. Thornycroft and the cost is expected to be in the neighbourhood of £250,000. As will be seen from the illustration at the top of these pages, the fins (although each 12 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft. 3 in.) are minute as compared with the great liner's dimensions, but it is confidently expected that they will very considerably "damp out" the roll in the worst Atlantic conditions. The fins and their operating gear are situated forward and aft of the fore funnel and some 15 ft. from the ship's bottom, the fore and aft fins being approximately 141 ft. apart. To provide for the casings and electro-hydraulic gear for moving the fins outboard and inboard and for tilting them,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

## ELIZABETH, A UNIQUE DEVELOPMENT OF A NOW WELL-TRIED DEVICE TO IMPROVE OCEAN TRAVEL.

certain ingenious structural alterations had to be made. The forward stabilisers (port and starboard) were not difficult to place and only required certain alterations to the oil fuel tanks, but the after pair necessitated the removal of certain of the semi-obsolete air-conditioning plant to make room for the machinery. The principle involved in "damping out" a ship's roll by means of the fins is simple. The fins (which are hydraulically operated by rams tilting the hexagonal tilting bar) "dig" into the water and so pull the ship to the side in which the fin is "digging" (that is, the side opposite to the direction of the ship's roll at that moment), while the opposite fin is at the same moment "planning." The

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

whole is controlled by gyroscopic gear and at exactly the right moment the fins "flap over" in the opposite directions as the ship begins its reverse roll. In this way the roll is "killed" by the action of the fins and not only reduced to a minimum but also smoothed out. Single pairs of stabilisers have already been well tested in the Cunarders *Meria*, *Parthia* and *Saxonia*; and the new *Iberia* and her later sister-ship will have them. Other stabilised passenger liners include the P. & O.'s *Chusan*, *Arcadia* and *Iberia*, the Orient Line's *Oriensay* and *Orocco*, the Royal Mail Line's *Andes* and the new Shaw Savill liner *Southern Cross*. Denny-Brown stabilisers were also fitted by the Admiralty to naval vessels during the war.



IT may seem rather late to add to the speculation about the events of February 8 in Moscow after all the ink already spilt on the subject. If it is still worth while, this is because the speculative element is so great. Speculation is not tied to time as closely as comment on events which are clear in themselves. And, while some features of the announcements of February 8 are clear enough, shadows remain in the background. That which lies in shadow is probably of greater import to the outside world than what can be described. On that, I freely admit, I attempt no more than conjecture. I have often expressed my distrust of the political experts on Russia. Where the subject is statistical they can be useful, because the ratio of the falsification of Soviet statistics is—or so I am told—pretty well known. Where the subject is one, such as agriculture, where the Soviet can afford to be frank up to a point, they can extract information by diligent reading. When it comes to politics they are almost as much at sea as if they were holding forth on those of the Martians.

Describing the resignation of Malenkov, an eyewitness wrote of "the gasp of surprise" from the diplomatic and Press galleries which greeted the announcement. The Russians certainly know how to keep secrets. Some rumour of stress had appeared in the "capitalist" Press—to be condemned as war-mongering propaganda in Russia and other Communist countries, as might be expected. Nobody, expert or the reverse, was prepared for the event. So far as can be ascertained, the astonishment of the Supreme Soviet was equally great. And would anyone have picked Marshal Bulganin, though he had formerly held the important double rôle of Defence Minister and Vice-Chairman of the Council of Ministers, as Malenkov's successor? About his position the experts are in disagreement, some saying that he represents the Army, others that he has never been looked on by the Army as belonging to it, that he is not only citizen soldier, but politician rather than soldier.

Let us not start by being too subtle. Over-subtlety which rejects out of hand the obvious is not a good channel to the truth. The truth may well be that Malenkov felt himself incapable of doing justice to the office of Prime Minister. The confession of guilt is, of course, an accepted Communist convention, and in this case it involved assuming the burden of sins which Malenkov had not committed. None the less, he may have come to the conclusion that he lacked the weight and experience for the great task which he took over after the death of Stalin. This would mean that, though he may be highly capable, he is not first-class. Lack of experience does not prevent the men with the best minds from passing from one job to another and making a success of both. Yet Malenkov had acquired a high reputation as one of Stalin's chief henchmen.

Of course, though he may really have felt ineffective, a great deal more lies behind the incident. That is one of the places on which a shadow lies. The explanation might be a personal struggle between Malenkov and Krushchev, the Secretary of the Communist Party. It might be a return to orthodoxy, bringing the real power back into the hands of the Party. It might be a rejection of the policy of peaceful coexistence and stand for a toughening of Soviet foreign policy, with special reference to the Far East. It might be almost wholly due to conflict of opinion on the subject of Russian industry. The first two explanations are purely speculative. The third gets some support from the fact that Krushchev, now likely to be a very powerful figure, has usually taken a brusque and uncompromising tone. The fourth is strongly supported by evidence that a conflict of opinion about Russian industry has existed.

My conjecture—and I repeat that it is no more than that—is that the crisis has been mainly if not wholly internal. That is not to say that it may not have violent and perhaps unpleasant exterior effects. Malenkov did appear to have leanings towards modernisation in politics as well as other matters, and this would have to be based mainly on freeing Ministers from the absolute control of the Party. Modernisation of this kind is not likely to be popular with the die-hards. If the conjecture is on the target, we have witnessed a success for the Party. Whether it is or not, the Party must have been strengthened. There

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### "GASP OF SURPRISE."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

seems to be a curious contrast in the obvious eagerness for modernisation on the industrial and agricultural side, and the simultaneous pressure to keep the Party supreme and recover any ground it has lost. Yet it is a feature of Russian Communism, and, to some extent, every form of Communism, at least when Communism is in power.

The outside world knows a certain amount about the Soviet economy. It realises that an increase in what are called "consumer goods," things which the Russian man and woman can buy in the shops, has been on the programme, somebody's programme. It attributes this project largely to Malenkov. With it has been coupled some talk of further development of the light industries. On the whole, they appeal more to the public than the heavy and benefit it to a greater extent, at least more quickly. The double programme would have had the advantage of popularity, because the ordinary people have gone through hard times and the standard of living is still low. However well-drilled and obedient the

rock on which Malenkov foundered, according to his own story.

There, as I have said, a great deal is known. Population has been rising fast. Agricultural output, too, has been rising, but not so fast. We have no reason to discredit statements that muddles at the top have hampered its progress. The Russian Press would have had no reason to proclaim a lack of

co-operation at the bottom, among local officials, among workers on the collective farms, if it had not been the truth. The pressure to set up more and more State-controlled farms, much bigger than the collective, has evidently been handicapped, though perhaps more by lack of efficiency than by lack of good will. From the very start, agriculture has never been controlled or organised with full success by the Russian Communist régime. In its various phases it has met with stubborn resistance. Its progress has been considerable, but it has always fallen short of expectations. Much blood has been spilt in the struggle to improve it—according to Communist maxims—and many reputations have been lost, with results which are still disappointing. The struggle will go on because it is vital.

On the side of foreign policy there is, as yet, no cause to expect the emergence of a more aggressive spirit, one resembling that of Stalin's later days. There is some reason to expect a tougher, harsher attitude. Krushchev is a tough man, as he showed in the Ukraine. Bulganin is a man of great administrative ability, but he does not seem to possess the force and drive of Krushchev. It may be an error to assume, as some have, that he, Bulganin, will be a figurehead and Krushchev the captain of the ship of State, but the former is no Stalin. There will be no approach to friendliness if Krushchev has the say. Another aspect of foreign policy is the reaction of the satellites. If consumer goods stand for heresy, they will go under the ban in the satellite States also. Indeed, the Moscow incident gave the signal for immediate denunciation of them in some quarters. The satellites are humble enough to Russia, but they are more vocal than Russia. In several cases they have been exploited by Russia. With them the change will not be popular, and there is more likely to be evidence of the fact than from Russia.

For the non-Communist world there can be no other course than that of watching carefully, standing on its guard, but not crediting the new régime with any intentions which are not supported by clear evidence. The gesture of President Eisenhower, in his kindly tribute to Marshal Zhukov, the new Minister of Defence, was one worthy of his position and of his generous mind. Any new suggestions for conferences or meetings of Ministers should be examined as objectively as those of the past, and accepted if they seem to show a genuine desire to ease friction and further the cause of peace. The military power of Soviet Russia remains unaffected, and if the change in the Government and Party should lead to an increase this is not likely to take place for some time to come. Russia's effort in experiment and manufacture of thermo-nuclear weapons is probably already as great as she is capable of

making. She is no more likely to use them in the near future than she was before. The attitude of the West should still be that of steadiness and keeping its powder dry.

To summarise, the abdication of Malenkov may, in fact, be in part attributable to a sense of personal failure and "guilt," such as he confessed. The fact that he laid the main stress on failure of a sort which is most unlikely to be the true cause, on "the unsatisfactory state of affairs which has arisen in agriculture," is neither here nor there. If other men have pushed him out he cannot say so. In any case, it is a Russian concern. It may exercise a bad effect on international relations, but the last thing likely is that it was brought about with the object of worsening them. Broadly speaking, it seems to show that Russia is politically in an experimental phase, which began with the death of Stalin. The first experiment clearly failed. Another is now being made. It will not be the last. The succession to Stalin is not yet settled. The present experiment looks to Western minds a retrogression, but it has nothing to do with Western theories. The attitude of the new régime will surely become more clearly defined within a few months at longest.

### AN "ATOMIC" COAT OF ARMS.



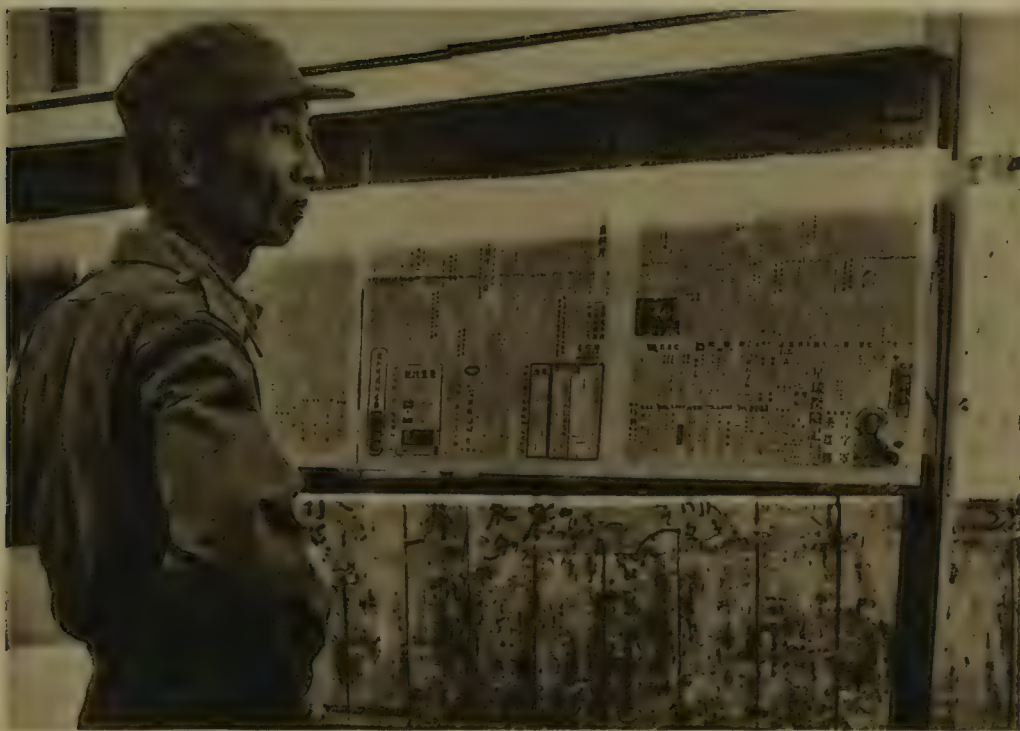
THIS COAT OF ARMS, SYMBOLISING THE PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC POWER, HAS BEEN PUT FORWARD FOR BRITAIN'S ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY, ALTHOUGH AT THE DATE OF WRITING IT HAD NOT YET BEEN FORMALLY GRANTED, NOR WERE THE TINCTURES KNOWN.

The supporters, heraldic animals chained to the earth, represent the power of the atom brought under control. The stars on each animal have a total of ninety-two points, symbolising uranium (No. 92 in the list of elements). The inverted triangle on the shield is called in heraldry a "pile," which is also the first name for an atomic reactor or power furnace. The wavy lines represent electricity developed from atomic energy. Above the helmet, a symbol of co-operation, a sun signifies the benign power of the atom; and the bird therein is taken from the crest of the late Lord Rutherford, one of the world's most distinguished pioneers of nuclear research. The motto is *Maxima e Minimis*, meaning "the greatest from the smallest."

common people may be, however carefully prosperity in bourgeois nations may be hidden from them, their hopes of rewards for endeavour cannot be utterly extinguished. This is a facet of human nature which not even Communism at its strongest can remove.

The programme, however, could not have been put through at an early date without an adverse effect on heavy industry. It is too pessimistic, in my view, to conclude that those who insist on the need for the further rapid development of heavy industry do so with their eyes on war and armaments alone. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Butler, has made some comments which contain a warning that consumer goods must be earned by the nation which has them on sale. He was thinking of the prosperity and balance of the country. The Russian disciples of heavy industry, headed, we may suppose, by Krushchev, probably hold that the consumer-goods project was putting the cart before the horse and that, even in the interests of consumer goods, heavy industry must be given priority for the present. It is important, too, in one branch of consumer goods—food, which is mainly the product of agriculture. Agriculture is the





THE DANGER-POINT OF THE CHINA COAST FIGHTING: ON THE ISLAND OF QUEMOY, SHOWING A NATIONALIST SOLDIER READING A WALL NEWSPAPER OUTSIDE HIS BARRACKS.



A NATIONALIST SOLDIER, ONE OF MANY IN A SHOPPING CENTRE IN THE ISLAND OF QUEMOY, WHICH LIES ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES OFF THE COMMUNIST-HELD COAST NEAR AMOY.



LABOURERS REPAIRING DAMAGE TO AN AIRSTRIP IN THE ISLAND OF QUEMOY, FROM WHICH THE NATIONALIST AIR FORCE HAVE LAUNCHED MANY BOMBING RAIDS ON THE MAINLAND.

After the lull during which the evacuation of the Tachen Islands took place, various hostilities between Nationalist and Communist Chinese forces broke out. On February 20 the Nationalist Air Force made a number of bombing raids on the Taishan Islands, 120 miles north of Formosa; a naval battle took place on February 18 between Matsu and Nanchi Islands; and on February 17 there was a prolonged artillery duel between Quemoy Island and the mainland, the Communists firing about ninety rounds before their guns were silenced. The principal Nationalist

## QUEMOY: A NATIONALIST STRONGHOLD AND CHINA COAST DANGER-POINT.



GENERAL LIU YU-CHANG, COMMANDER OF THE NATIONALIST TROOPS ON THE ISLAND OF QUEMOY, PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE ISLAND. QUEMOY IS WITHIN ARTILLERY RANGE OF THE MAINLAND.



A CHINESE NATIONALIST ARTILLERYMAN SIGHTING HIS GUN IN QUEMOY. ARTILLERY DUELS BETWEEN QUEMOY AND THE MAINLAND HAVE BEEN GROWING IN INTENSITY.

strongholds off the coast are Matsu and Quemoy; and it is believed that the Communists plan to assault the Matsu group in July-August and Quemoy in October-November. General Chiang Kai-shek has stated that Quemoy and Matsu will in no case be abandoned; and he is thought to be assuming that the United States will assist him in their defence. No such clear statement has been made by the Americans, however, and Great Britain has made it clear to the U.S. that she herself will not be involved in the defence of these off-shore islands.



# "BEES IN AMBER"—A PORTRAIT OF BOYHOOD.

"A VICTORIAN BOYHOOD"; By L. E. JONES.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR LAWRENCE JONES has had a varied career. In youth—and his book brings him up to the end of his days at Eton—he knew such untarnished fame in a small world as seldom comes to a man in later life. He was Captain of the Boats, he was in Pop, he was in the Sixth, he won a Brackenbury History Scholarship at Balliol, and proceeded to Oxford. There he became one of the most renowned of rowing Blues, known to generations of Oxford men as "Jonah," an oarsman of such prowess that, unlike an earlier bearer of the name, he never ran any risk of being tipped out of the ship because he was believed to

I say to myself, "the same old thing all over again." But not this time. For "Jonah" has written a classic, about the recovery of childhood: and, with due deference to the bombs which our scientific masters have in store for us, one which will last as Aksakoff's Russian books about country boyhood, sports, and adult responsibilities have survived the most ghastly Revolution which ever was. If civilization persists—and let us console ourselves with the thought that it revived after the Dark Ages—a hundred years hence this book will be in the "World's Classics" and "Everyman" of the time. It won't be preserved because of its contribution towards the factual history of our time: more can be got out of Blue-books. It won't last because of any argumentative element: Sir Lawrence does write honestly about the contradictory elements in what we comprehensively call "The Bible," but anybody could do that. What will preserve his book will be the style, the strong and gentle irony, and the honesty. "What oft was said, but ne'er so well exprest" still remains true. Catullus wrote a poem saying that he was sorry that his brother was dead: hundreds of millions of people have experienced the same grief: his words have rung across the centuries because he chose them so perfectly.

childhood he does beautifully convey the dawning on an acute child's mind of an awareness of a world "so full of a number of things" and of the strange diversity of the taller human beings, male and female, and of all classes, around him.

The trouble of his book from the reviewer's point of view is that it is so difficult to quote from it. Here I find myself, praising it as a little masterpiece, and with every other page dog's-eared because of a happy, gently-ironic or exquisitely-sensitive, word, phrase, or paragraph, unable to choose anything to quote to show the book's quality. It is all so much of a piece that to quote anything seems like tearing a bit out of a painting.

So, for my own pleasure and that of my contemporaries who called Frenchmen "Froggies," before our countrymen were left in the Last Ditch with them, I quote merely a comic story about a tutor. "It was André de Noyelle who encountered a different trait in the British character: that of believing foreigners to be 'capables de tout.' André was staying with another Norfolk family, the Buxtons of Dunston. He had a migraine, and went up to his room to lie down. His hostess, when the shadows lengthened, sent a footman upstairs to know whether André would like a cup of tea. André had just returned from Germany; half-awake, he imagined himself back there and drowsily murmured 'Nein.' The footman retired, to return in ten minutes with a large tray on which were set out nine cups of tea. Would even the best-trained servant, bred in the belief that his not to reason why, have carried nine cups of tea to that darkened bedroom if an aching, but English, head had been laid upon the pillow? I doubt it. It was simply a case of humouring a member of an unaccountable race, with perhaps a sigh of relief that nine cups of tea and not nine frogs had been asked for."

I can't think that I am the only reader of this book—and I must admit that I have known half the people



WHERE SIR LAWRENCE JONES SPENT MUCH (OF THE CHILDHOOD) WHICH HE RECALLS IN HIS BOOK: CRANMER HALL, NORFOLK. [After a painting by Felix Kelly.]

Illustration reproduced from "A Victorian Boyhood"; by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan.

involve a "hoodoo." Thereafter, as he admits with apparent surprise, he became—not like his father, and earlier ancestors, a farming Norfolk Squire, sitting on the Bench and zealously serving parish and county in every possible sort of capacity—an Investment Banker. I have heard of Investments from gambling friends, and I have had intermittent, and not uniformly agreeable, contacts with the Non-Commissioned Officer type of Banker; but I don't know what an Investment Banker is. It sounds a grave and grim sort of thing, which suggests spectacles on the tip of the nose, and porcelain grey eyes peering at the obsequious and mendicant customer under bushy eyebrows: but one never knows about the City. However, it has been in that capacity that this Young Apollo who captained the Boats—he modestly tells us that his features were by no means Apollonian, but his muscles and golden aura certainly were—has spent his working life. There was an interruption: he fought in the Kaiser's war and was shot in the chest. But now he suddenly emerges with a book: a book which evinces a life-long discipline as regards accuracy of statement, in respect of things heard, felt, seen, and dreamt of, and the cadences to be unobtrusively used in charmingly "telling the tale" to listeners, old and young, born and yet unborn.

I use the word "unborn" advisedly. As every decade passes, more and more books come out from the praisers of time past (my contemporaries may notice that I avoid the Latin commonplace, because of the menacing, thudding feet of the March of Progress), telling us about their childhood. There was the greater, or the smaller, house in the city, with a Grandmother or a Great-Aunt in the Dower-House. There was a severe Housekeeper who, nevertheless, produced unusual jellies and biscuits in her sacred penetralia. There was an old, sage Gardener who had Green Fingers and knew all the Legends about Snails. There were the Tutors and the Governesses, with their absurdities, pitilessly observed through children's eyes. And there were the old widows living in cottages, with pots of geraniums on their window-sills, and grandfather clocks ticking away inside their parlours, where the china dogs stood guard on the mantelpieces, the old medal-ribbons faded away in frames, and time ticked slowly away to the remorseless tune of the clock. Most of these works—though it always touches me to be reminded of Queen Victoria's august funeral and of a world in which it was believed that there would never again be a major war—leave me cold. "Oh, dear,"

is evident everywhere to the practising artist in words. His words certainly don't smell of the midnight oil: that is fatal. But he has used the midnight oil in order to produce the "art which conceals art" (which is going back to Latin again) and over and over again the perfect phrase or word delights one. The bees are preserved in amber.

A rare thing about Sir Lawrence is that he really does remember his childhood. He states positively



AT THE TIME WHEN SIR LAWRENCE JONES WAS A SCHOOLBOY AT ETON: THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S IN JULY 1901.

From a drawing by S. Berg, reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of July 20, 1901.

that "the child is not the father of the man." As he grew adolescent he became aware of all the beauties of sound and sight in nature, and of all those same things transmuted by Art. But he is not romantic about his infancy. "Children," he says, "have a disappointing habit of taking the wonders of the world for granted, and of grumbling, like elderly clubmen, about the food and the plumbing." But, as he gets away from his

he mentions—whether elder or younger, who won't feel like (if I may say so) damning his eyes if he doesn't go on with his record, and tell us about Oxford, the War, Investment Banking, paternity, and the Return to the Land. He has the necessary genius.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 376 of this issue.



SIR LAWRENCE EVELYN JONES, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Lawrence Evelyn Jones, who was born in 1885, succeeded his father as fifth baronet last October. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; and was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1909. He is the author of: "The Bishop and the Cobbler"; "Jesus: Discoverer and Genius"; "Beyond Belief" and "A la Carte."

\* "A Victorian Boyhood." By L. E. Jones. Frontispiece. (Macmillan; 18s.)



## HOPE FOR OIL-CLOGGED SEA-BIRDS: A PROMISING GERMAN CLEANING METHOD.



A COMMON SIGHT ON THE DANISH AND GERMAN COASTS, SINCE THE DUMPING OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF CRUDE OIL ON JAN. 18: SEA-BIRDS CLOGGED AND SUFFOCATED WITH OIL.



ALONG THE GERMAN AND DANISH COASTS, ANIMAL LOVERS AND SCHOOLCHILDREN HAVE BEEN RESCUING BIRDS CLOGGED WITH OIL AND DRIFTING HELPLESSLY.



A BREMEN VETERINARY SURGEON, DR. HANS JAKOB, HAS DISCOVERED THAT OIL-CLOGGED BIRDS CAN BE WASHED FREE OF OIL IN THIS MANNER WITH A SPECIAL DETERGENT CALLED "REI," WITHOUT ADVERSE EFFECTS.

In our issue of February 12 we referred to the great "lake of oil" drifting in the North Sea, near the Danish and North German coasts, owing to the tanker *Gerd Maersk's* having had to jettison 6000 tons of crude oil after grounding. This oil has since been fouling North Sea beaches and killing thousands of sea-birds and wild-fowl, whose feathers become clogged with oil, while diving-birds are suffocated. Animal lovers on the coasts, distressed by the sufferings of such birds, condemned sometimes to a quick, but more usually a lingering, death, have been making many attempts to clean the affected feathers. In general, this is a dangerous process, since most cleaning fluids and detergents which remove the oil also remove the natural grease from the feathers, with the result that, if the bird is released, it is



A DUCK PICKED UP ON THE NORTH GERMAN COAST, ITS FEATHERS COMPLETELY CLOGGED WITH OIL, AND SO CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY SLOW STARVATION UNLESS CLEANSED.

often unable to fly and almost always liable to become waterlogged and so die by drowning. A German veterinary surgeon, Dr. Hans Jakob, has, however, tested a number of detergents in this connection; and it is claimed that one called "Rei" (produced by Rei-Chemie Ltd., of Bottard) cleans away the oil without removing the natural grease of the feathers. It is claimed that many birds have been cleaned in this way and released, although it is not clear whether they are kept in captivity for a few days before release. The R.S.P.C.A. are investigating this very important claim; and at the date of writing were expecting samples of this detergent "Rei" for testing; and all bird-lovers will hope that the claim can be justified, and sea-birds rescued from this horrible death.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**TO BE A VISCOUNT OF THE U.K. :  
SIR GODFREY HUGGINS.**

The Queen has approved that Sir Godfrey Huggins be created a Viscount. Aged seventy-one, he has been Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland since 1953, and of Southern Rhodesia since 1933. His 21 years, 165 days in office is the longest record of continuous service as Prime Minister in Commonwealth history.



**CHAIRMAN OF THE REORGANISED NATIONAL  
COAL BOARD : SIR HUBERT HOULDSWORTH.**

Six members of the N.C.B., including the two deputy chairmen, Sir Walter Drummond and Sir Eric Coates, have resigned. Sir Hubert Houldsworth remains chairman; and Mr. James Bowman becomes deputy chairman. The four new full-time members are Mr. J. Latham, Dr. W. Reid, Mr. R. H. E. Thomas and Mr. A. H. A. Wynn.



**CHAIRMAN OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS BOARD :  
SIR ERIC DE NORMANN.**

The Minister of Works has appointed Sir Eric de Normann chairman of the Ancient Monuments Board for England in succession to Lord Harlech, who has resigned because of other demands on his time. Sir Eric, who is 61, was formerly Deputy Secretary of the Min. of Works. He began in what was then known as the Office of Works in 1920.



**APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR :  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HAROLD REDMAN.**

Lieut.-General Sir Harold Redman, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff since 1952, is to be Governor and C-in-C. of Gibraltar in succession to General Sir Gordon MacMillan. Sir Harold Redman, who is fifty-five, served as Principal Staff Officer to Field Marshal Lord Montgomery at S.H.A.P.E. from April 1951 until October 1952.



**NEW PANAMANIAN AMBASSADOR ARRIVES IN LONDON :  
DR. ROBERTO ARIAS WITH HIS BALLERINA WIFE.**

Senor Arias, aged thirty-six, who recently married Miss Margot Fonteyn, the British prima ballerina, arrived in London on February 17 to take up his new post as Panamanian Ambassador. Senor Arias, a lawyer, is a son of a former President of Panama, and was Panama's representative at the United Nations last year.



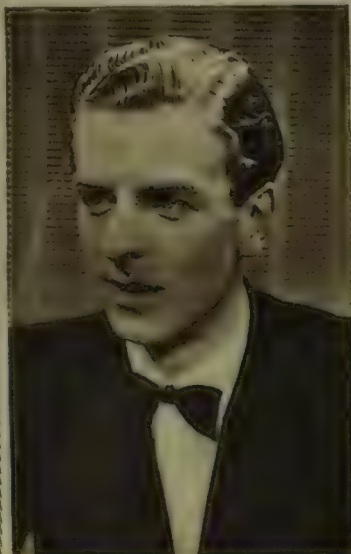
**IN LONDON—THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER VISITING THE FOREIGN  
OFFICE : SIGNOR SCELBA AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN.**

During his official visit to London, Signor Scelba had talks at the Foreign Office with Sir Anthony Eden, and at 10, Downing Street with Sir Winston Churchill. The chief outcome of these talks was made known in the statement, issued from Downing Street when his visit was over, that there are no longer any serious problems between the two countries. Signor Scelba was also received at Buckingham Palace by her Majesty the Queen.



**AMERICAN ARCHITECT RELEASED FROM A POLISH  
PRISON : MR. HERMANN FIELD WITH HIS FAMILY.**

After five years in a Polish prison, Mr. Field rejoined his English wife and their two sons when he reached this country on February 17. He flew from Switzerland, where he had been recuperating after his imprisonment. The Polish Government admitted that he had been wrongly held, and in partial reparation paid him an indemnity of £18,000.



**DIED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE :  
MR. PETER MARTYN.**

Mr. Peter Vivian Martyn, the actor, and chairman of the television programme, "Find the Link," died in London on February 15. He was educated at Winchester and later served in the Coldstream Guards. He trained as an actor in New York and appeared on the stage and on television, both in England and in the United States. He had also had parts in a number of films.



**NEW PRINCIPAL OF THE R.A.M. :  
DR. THOMAS ARMSTRONG.**

The Royal Academy of Music is to have a new Principal in Dr. Armstrong, aged fifty-six, who will succeed the present Principal, Sir Reginald Thatcher, next autumn. A distinguished organist and choir-master, Dr. Armstrong has been organist since 1933 of Christ Church, Oxford, where he conducted the Bach Choir and Orchestral Society.



**A NEW BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER :  
MR. M. R. METCALF.**

Mr. M. R. Metcalf, at present an Assistant Secretary in the Commonwealth Relations Office, has been appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in succession to Mr. I. M. R. MacLennan, who completes his term of office this year. Mr. Metcalf is to take up his appointment in August.



**TO BE GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD :  
SIR EDWARD BEETHAM.**

Sir Edward Beetham, who has been Governor and C-in-C. of the Windward Islands since 1953, has been appointed Governor and C-in-C. of Trinidad and Tobago in succession to Major-General Sir Hubert Elvin Rance, who is retiring. Sir Edward Beetham, who was born in 1905, was first appointed to the Colonial Service in 1928.



**THE WORLD CHAMPION CRESTA  
RIDER : MR. D. W. CONNOR.**

The first Cresta world skeleton championship ever held was won on February 16 by Mr. D. W. Connor, of Montreal. He had an aggregate time of 308.8 secs. for six runs, three from Junction on Feb. 15 and three from the Top of the run on Feb. 16. There were twenty competitors from eight nations. The event will be held every four years in future. M. C. Stuecki (Switzerland) was second.





THE CREATOR OF ANIMATED CARTOONS WHOSE GENIUS HAS EVOKED LAUGHTER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: MR. WALT DISNEY.

Mr. Walt Disney, the creator of the animated cartoons which are known and loved all over the world, was born in Chicago in 1901. He began making Mickey Mouse cartoons in sound in 1928, and his first full-length animation feature in colour, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," was produced in 1938. At present Mr. Disney is engaged in building a huge 160-acre amusement park called "Disneyland" in Anaheim, Orange County, California, which is to be opened in July, and will be a fun fair and permanent show place for all his cartoon films. It will include "Tomorrow Land"—a park identified by tall, pylon-like space rockets; "Recreation Land"—a restoration, complete with pony-drawn surreys, of bygone

rural America; "Fantasy Land"—with its Snow White Park and Alice in Wonderland Park; and "Frontier Land"—with Red Indians and frontiersmen, and what is described as "the longest little bar in the world." Programmes from "Disneyland" will be broadcast on U.S. television networks. Mr. Disney, who is one of the world's most indefatigable men, is also engaged on three films. The first to be released will be "Vanishing Prairie" (A True-Life Adventure), about the American prairies; this will be followed by "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (CinemaScope and Technicolor); and then a full-length Technicolor cartoon called "Lady and the Tramp."

*Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



## HAPPENINGS IN THE WORLD TO-DAY: EVENTS OF IMPORTANCE AND INTEREST.



THE 700-YEAR-OLD HOME OF THE CHIEF OF CLAN MACLEOD: TO PRESERVE WHICH MACLEODS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE SUBSCRIBING: DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLAND OF SKYE. The cost of repairing Dunvegan Castle, home of the MacLeod of MacLeod, will amount to £20,000. MacLeods all over the world are subscribing in response to an appeal made through the MacLeod Foundation instituted in the U.S. by Mr. J. H. MacLeod, of Wallingford, Vermont.



MAKING HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON THE RHINE: A NEW TYPE OF POLICE PATROL BOAT WHICH, BY MEANS OF AEROFOILS, CAN ACHIEVE GREAT SPEED. A new type of police patrol boat has just made her maiden voyage on the Rhine after being handed over to the Hesse Water Police. On reaching a speed of some 23 knots it rises on aerofoils (fin-like fittings at each side) and thus increases its speed by some 25 per cent.

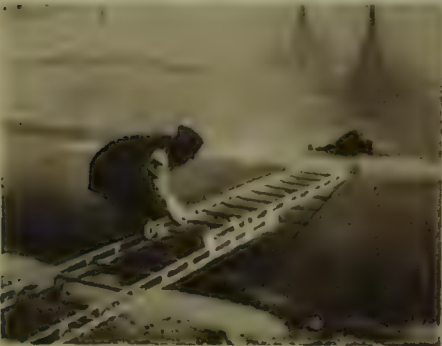


THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE HAWKER HUNTER: A FORMATION OF THESE PRODUCTION AIRCRAFT FLYING OVER WATTISHAM.

A demonstration of the Hawker Hunter, a single-seat swept-wing jet fighter which is in production for the Royal Air Force and for N.A.T.O., took place on February 16. Fighter Command now has three squadrons fully equipped with them. The aircraft has been described by an American Air Force officer who, on an exchange posting, commands an R.A.F. Hawker Hunter squadron, as being "much better in every respect than the Meteor and American Sabre jet fighter."



THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN DURING HIS SUCCESSFUL VISIT TO NORTHERN DARFUR: SAYED ISMAIL EL AZHARI AT FASHER. The Prime Minister of the Sudan, Sayed Ismail El Azhari, accompanied by Ministers and Press representatives, left Khartoum by air on January 16 to attend the tribal gathering for Northern Darfur at Kuttum. He and his party were enthusiastically received at El Obeid, Fasher and Kuttum.



SHOWING THE STAGES BY WHICH THE RESCUE WAS CARRIED OUT: A FIREMAN SAVING TWO DOGS WHICH HAD FALLEN THROUGH THE ICE IN A POND IN AMERICA.

Two dogs—one a boxer—fell through thin ice into the water in a pond in Cambridge, Mass., and were rescued by a fireman. The hazardous operation was carried out by means of a ladder. It was

placed in position and the fireman then crept along it till he could reach the dogs and pull them to safety. When the animals reached dry land they were given expert veterinary attention.

(RIGHT.)

DUE TO LEAVE SOUTHAMPTON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON MARCH 29: THE SHAW SAVILL TOURIST CLASS PASSENGER LINER SOUTHERN CROSS.

The S.S. Southern Cross, launched by the Queen last August, will sail for her maiden voyage from Southampton on March 29. She is named Southern Cross to commemorate the Royal tour of the Commonwealth, and is to be commanded by Captain Sir David Aitchison, who was master of the *Gothic*, in which the Queen and the Duke travelled during much of their voyage. She is the first passenger liner of her size (20,000 tons) to be built with engines and funnel right aft.





## THREE BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS.



AN ANCIENT TOWER THREATENED: THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PEEL OF DRUMRY MAY BE DESTROYED UNLESS IT BECOMES PART OF A NEW COMMUNITY CENTRE.



A NEW OXFORD COLLEGE NEARING COMPLETION: NUFFIELD COLLEGE FOR SOCIAL STUDY IS PLANNED TO HARMONISE WITH THE REST OF COLLEGIATE OXFORD.



A SAN FRANCISCO SELF-SERVICE CAR PARK: MOTORISTS WILL DO THEIR OWN PARKING IN THIS WHITE AND GREEN BUILDING, NINE STOREYS HIGH.

Lovers of old buildings have protested at the decision of the Glasgow Corporation to pull down the Peel of Drumry, dating back to the sixteenth century. They suggest that the tower might be incorporated in a proposed community centre, part of the local Drumchapel Housing Scheme, either as a museum or as a centre-piece of a garden.—In Oxford, the new buildings of Nuffield College are almost completed. The College was founded in 1937 by Lord Nuffield, consisting at first of a number of ordinary houses on the Banbury Road. It is a research establishment, devoted mainly, but not exclusively, to social studies.—In San Francisco, the final touches are being put to a new self-service parking building, nine storeys high. The cars will be driven up a circular ramp, and attendants will indicate the floor and stall to be used. The garage has 417,000 sq. ft. of parking space, and accommodation for 1200 cars.

## WORLD ICE-SKATING EVENTS AT VIENNA.

The world's ice-skating championships were begun at Vienna on February 15, and the first morning brought a strong, cold east wind which made figure skating exceptionally difficult. The men's championships were adversely affected, some competitors skating in the occasional lull while others had to contend with such strong gusts that they were almost stopped. The title was eventually won for the third successive year by the American, H. A. Jenkins. The women's world figure-skating championship was regained by Miss T. Albright, of the United States, after a beautiful exhibition of free skating. Of the British contenders, Miss Batchelor was fifth and Miss Sugden eighth. Canada won the world's pair skating championship when the title-holders, N. Bowden and Miss F. Dafoe, beat the Austrian and Hungarian pairs. In the dance championship, Great Britain, represented by Miss J. Westwood and L. Demmy, of Manchester, triumphed for the fourth year in succession.



THE BRITISH WINNERS OF THE WORLD ICE DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS AFTER THEIR VICTORY IN VIENNA: L. TO R., PAUL THOMAS AND PAMELA WEIGHT (SECOND), LAWRENCE DEMMY AND JEAN WESTWOOD (FIRST), AND BARBARA RADFORD AND RAYMOND LOCKWOOD (THIRD).



AMERICAN GIRL WINS LADIES' TITLE: MISS TENLEY ALBRIGHT, OF THE UNITED STATES, GAVE A BEAUTIFUL EXHIBITION OF FREE SKATING TO WIN FIRST PLACE.



WINNER FOR THE THIRD TIME: AMERICANS TOOK THE FIRST THREE PLACES IN THE MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP, HAYES ALAN JENKINS (CENTRE) WINNING FOR THE THIRD TIME.



THE FIRST THREE COUPLES IN THE WORLD PAIR ICE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WINNERS, NORRIS BOWDEN AND FRANCES DAFOE, ARE IN THE CENTRE; ON THE LEFT ARE THE HUNGARIAN PAIR (THIRD), AND, RIGHT, THE AUSTRIAN PARTNERS (SECOND).





(1) PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVING A GIFT OF CUT GLASS FROM THE PREMIER OF BARBADOS, MR. GRANTLEY ADAMS, AT AN OPEN-AIR RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BRIDGETOWN. (2) IN BARBADOS: PRINCESS MARGARET WEARING A TERRA-COTTA LINEN DRESS AND WHITE STRAW HAT. (3) AT A STATE BANQUET IN BARBADOS: PRINCESS MARGARET WEARING A SILK ORGANZA BALL DRESS, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK LEAVES AND DIAMANTÉ. (4) IN ANTIGUA: THE PRINCESS WEARING A PRINTED SILK EVENING DRESS AT A RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. (5) IN BARBADOS: THE PRINCESS BOARDING A LAND-ROVER TO VISIT A SCHOOLCHILDREN'S RALLY. (6) PRINCESS MARGARET EXAMINING SOME SUGAR-CANE IN

#### PRINCESS MARGARET'S CARIBBEAN TOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS FULFILLING ENGAGEMENTS IN BARBADOS AND ST. KITTS AND HER VISIT TO NELSON'S DOCKYARD AT ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA.

Princess Margaret had a great send-off from Barbados on February 12, when she left the island after her four-day visit and sailed for Antigua in the Royal yacht *Britannia*. On February 14, Antigua, seat of government of the Leeward Islands, gave the Princess an uproarious welcome when she stepped ashore at St. John's from the Royal barge, wearing a dress of sapphire blue shantung and a straw hat. One of Princess Margaret's first engagements in Antigua was at the Savannah of St. Ann's, where 6000 schoolchildren were assembled to meet her. On the following day the Princess spent an hour walking round English Harbour, which is closely

A FACTORY IN ST. KITTS. (7) THROUGH A LANE OF FISHING VESSELS: THE ROYAL BARGE, WITH THE PRINCESS ON BOARD, APPROACHING ST. JOHN'S, ANTIGUA. (8) TOURING THE DOCKYARD IN ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA: PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING A HUGE CAPSTAN. (9) WELCOMING PRINCESS MARGARET TO ANTIGUA: A PARTY OF PEOPLE AND A CALYPSO BAND ON A DECORATED RAFT. (10) IN ANTIGUA: GHOSTS ON STILTS AND CLOWNS WHO ENTERTAINED THE PRINCESS. (11) AT ST. JOHN'S, ANTIGUA: PRINCESS MARGARET STEPPING ASHORE. (12) TOURING THE DOCKYARD, ANTIGUA: PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING AN OLD ANCHOR. (13) IN ANTIGUA: PRINCESS MARGARET TOURING ENGLISH HARBOUR.

linked with Nelson and the history of the Royal Navy. She was shown round the museum and dockyard, where the Society of Friends of English Harbour is undertaking extensive restoration and preservation work. On February 16, Princess Margaret spent the day in St. Kitt's, Britain's oldest colony in the West Indies, where the *Britannia* had cruised overnight from Antigua. After speeches of welcome, Princess Margaret toured the island. Later the Princess toured a sugar factory before being present at a garden party at Government House. At 6 p.m. she returned to the *Britannia*, which then left for Kingston, Jamaica.



## NEW DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII, EXHIBITIONS, INVENTIONS, AN ELECTION.



ELECTIONEERING IN INDIA: A CONGRESS PARTY BULLOCK CHAIN, WITH TOWERING FLOATS, IN ANDHRA.

Voting began on February 11 in the General Election in Andhra, the Telugu-speaking state carved out of the old Madras Presidency; and the result is expected in the first week of March. It is a vigorous contest between Congress and Communist Parties.



A FOOT-WARMING MACHINE INSTALLED AT A ROPE RAILWAY STATION NEAR INNSBRUCK, IN WHICH THE SKIER STANDS ON A PLATFORM WHILE HIS FEET ARE IRRADIATED WITH ULTRA-SHORT WAVES WHICH PROMOTE THE CIRCULATION AND WARM THE FEET IN FIFTEEN SECONDS.



AN AMERICAN MINEFIELD-CLEARING DEVICE, KNOWN AS THE "SNAKE," BEING TESTED IN GERMANY. THE "SNAKE" IS MANŒUVRED FORWARD BY A TANK AND ITS T.N.T. CHARGES ARE DETONATED TO CLEAR A PATH FOR INFANTRY THROUGH THE MINEFIELD.



WINNER OF AMERICA'S MOST COVETED CANINE HONOUR: A BRITISH-BRED BULLDOG, CH. KIPPAX FEARNAUGHT, ADJUDGED "BEST IN THE SHOW" AT NEW YORK.

For the first time since 1907 a bulldog won the "Best in the Show" award at the seventy-ninth Annual Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York on February 15. Ch. Kippax Fearnought is owned by Dr. J. Saylor, of Long Beach, Cal., and is seen here with his handler, Mr. Sangster.



TESTING THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMCHAIR, BY DROPPING A WEIGHT REPRESENTING A 16-STONE MAN 150 TIMES INTO IT: AN ITEM AT THE BRITISH FURNITURE EXHIBITION. The exhibit we show was one of many featured at the British Furniture Exhibition at Earls Court. This exhibition opened to the trade on February 14 and to the public on February 19, and then on the afternoons of February 21-24. Much of the furniture shown was of dual purpose and designed for smaller rooms.



PROFESSOR MAIURI, SUPERINTENDENT OF ANTIQUITIES FOR CAMPANIA, STOOPING TO EXAMINE SOME OF THE JEWELLERY FOUND WITH THE NINE BODIES RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT POMPEII.

This discovery of nine skeletons at Pompeii is claimed to be the first such find for nearly a century. It was made in the southern part of the town, in the doorway of a well-to-do house. One of the nine skeletons has been identified as a woman, wearing bracelets, gold rings and ear-rings. One of the victims was apparently clutching a box containing nearly 100 gold and silver coins. It is stated that the nine met their death during



THE SKELETONS OF NINE VICTIMS OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS ON AUGUST 24, 79 A.D., AT POMPEII, FOUND DURING RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

the second phase of the eruption, after the fall of the lava fragments and at the beginning of the fall of volcanic ash, which asphyxiated them. The remains of the house in the doorway of which they were found has not yet been excavated by Professor Maiuri, and their background is consequently unknown. It is hoped to publish a fuller account of the discovery in a future issue.



SEAMEN RESCUED TWICE IN FOUR DAYS, AND A BLAZING SUSSEX MANSION.



RESCUE BY BREECHES BUOY FOR THE SECOND TIME IN FOUR DAYS FROM THE FRENCH TRAWLER SAINT-PIERRE-EGLISE: A MEMBER OF THE CREW BEING BROUGHT ASHORE. Members of the crew of the French trawler *Saint-Pierre-Eglise* (222 tons) had the experience of being rescued from the sea twice in four days. The craft went aground at Waxham, on the Norfolk coast, on February 13 in a heavy snow-storm; and all the crew of eighteen were saved, seven by breeches buoy; others coming ashore by rowing-boat and five scrambling to land through the breakers, while the dog *Julie* swam to safety. On February 16, fourteen men (including two local lifeboatmen and a representative of the owners) were on board attempting to refloat the ship when she began to list in heavy seas. The Winterton rocket life-saving company, which had made the rescues on February 13 from the ship by breeches buoy, brought all the men ashore.



HOUSEHOLD GOODS BEING RESCUED FROM SALTHILL HOUSE, WHILE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BLAZE: THE DRAMATIC SCENE ON THE LAWN DURING THE FIRE ON FEBRUARY 17. Fire broke out at Salthill House, a mansion of some twenty rooms, situated near Chichester, on February 17, and following the alarm being given by a passer-by, thirty firemen fought the blaze, while furniture, paintings, books, and other household goods were rapidly removed. The owners had not long moved in after having redecorated the house. Our photograph shows how objects, including books, a French clock, tables, carpets, and other objects were rapidly brought out and placed temporarily on the lawn while firemen tried to subdue the flames.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## CHINCHERINCHEES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN the matter of cut flowers for the house, I have been uncommonly fortunate this winter. In addition to all the normal home-grown odds and ends from the open garden, from my unheated greenhouse, from florists' shops and barrow-boys and girls, I have received two splendid consignments of chinchinchees from the Cape. The first lot arrived in mid-autumn, and were sent by some

green-white. Their stems had not been dipped in wax, but the whole lot—fifty of them—lay in their box in a sort of winding-sheet of soft plastic material. Two days after arrival, on December 12, I put a few of them in a vase and had them photographed, still completely in bud. Exactly seven weeks later I had that same vase photographed again. The spikes had lengthened considerably, and some of them had taken on rather curious upward curves owing to the way

As a cut flower by themselves chinchinchees seem to me to have rather an uncomfortably cold and naked look. They come without any foliage of their own, and from what I saw of their leaves, growing at the Cape many years ago, those leaves cut would not help matters. A dozen spikes in an utterly simple unaffected mixed vase not far from where I write look quite jolly and comfortable. From a



"THE SECOND CONSIGNMENT ARRIVED ON DECEMBER 10.... ALL WERE STILL IN BUD, AND IN THAT STATE... THEY WERE EXTREMELY DECORATIVE, SOMEHOW SUGGESTING UNUSUALLY FAT AND PROSPEROUS EARS OF WHEAT IN PALEST GREEN-WHITE."

good friend whom I have been unable to "place" or identify, and so have not been able to write my sincere thanks for so delightful a gift.

But before going any further I had perhaps better explain just what chinchinchees are. They are a South African bulbous plant, native of the Cape. In general habit they are rather like our British bluebell, with a stiff 18-in. stem carrying a handsome spike of snow-white flowers. Their Latin botanical name is *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*. The plant is figured in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," and although the engraving gives some idea of the individual blossoms, it suggests a somewhat poor, stumpy specimen of a flower-spike.

For a good many years now chinchinchees have been sent to this country as a cut flower during the winter months, and so long-lasting are they that they come by ordinary overseas post—not air mail—arrive in perfect condition, and last in water for six or eight weeks or more. Originally they were gathered as wild flowers for this overseas trade, but to-day the bulbs are specially cultivated and no doubt the resulting flower-spikes are larger and finer than of old. The first consignment of chinchinchees that I received this season were packed in a box which, except for weight, suggested that some super-friend had sent me a bottle of Scotch. The ends of the stems had been dipped in wax. They arrived in perfect condition, as fresh and plump as if they had just been gathered, with perhaps the lower third of the flowers on the spike fully open. The rest of the blossoms opened during the next six or seven weeks.

The second consignment arrived on December 10. They, too, were in marvellously fresh condition, but had evidently been gathered in a much more backward state than the first lot. All were still in bud, and in that state, with not a single flower open, they were extremely decorative, somehow suggesting unusually fat and prosperous ears of wheat in palest

I had arranged them in their vase—splayed out at an angle instead of in their natural perpendicular attitude. But the flowers had opened well—about two-thirds of the potential total, and now, at the time of writing, over two months after they arrived here, and presumably almost three months after they were gathered, they still look remarkably fit and fresh, and are still opening more and more fresh buds. All this in spite of far from ideal living conditions. They have remained in a living-room in a fairly cool atmosphere, away from any direct window light, and for ten days at Christmas they must have done a considerable amount of shivering, for during that time there was no fire in the room.

As advised by instructions which came with the flowers, I kept my chinchinchees with only an inch or so of water in their vase. Full depth of water is apt to cause the stems to rot. All they need is to paddle and no more. It is a good plan, as with any cut flowers which are to last long in water, to cut away a short length of stem from time to time.



"TWO DAYS AFTER ARRIVAL, I PUT A FEW OF THEM IN A VASE AND HAD THEM PHOTOGRAPHED, STILL COMPLETELY IN BUD."

Photographs by Peter Pritchard.



"EXACTLY SEVEN WEEKS LATER I HAD THE SAME VASE PHOTOGRAPHED AGAIN. THE SPIKES HAD LENGTHENED CONSIDERABLY AND SOME OF THEM HAD TAKEN ON RATHER CURIOUS UPWARD CURVES... BUT THE FLOWERS HAD OPENED WELL—ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE POTENTIAL TOTAL."

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foundation of one or two small branches of ever-green oak, spring taller branches of *Viburnum fragrans* and *V. bodnantense*, and then the white chinchinchees. The red-pink buds of both the viburnums do wonders in warming up the somewhat glacial purity of the chinchinchees.

Why is it, I wonder, that only the white-flowered *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*, or chinchinchees, are grown and sent to this country, for in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" three gold or yellow varieties are described. First comes "*O. t. var album*, flowers pure white with a rather dark centre, numerous." And then there are "*aureum*, flowers golden yellow; *flavescens*, flowers saffron-yellow; and *flavissimum*, flowers deep yellow." I saw one or other of these golden forms at the Cape, an extremely handsome thing. If they would travel and last as well as the white chinchinchee they would undoubtedly be very welcome here during the winter months.

The flowering time for the white chinchinchee in this country is given in the R.H.S. dictionary as "June, greenhouse or warm border." But June is not the time of year that I, at any rate, would wish to have it flowering. There would be too much ready-to-hand beauty-queen competition in the garden just then: if the bulbs could be persuaded to flower here, as they do at the Cape between, say, October and February, how invaluable they would be—pots full of them, raised by nurserymen, or at home as we raise hyacinths, tall, stately, springing naturally from their own foliage, and lasting until one almost grew tired of dusting them.

Why not experiment? Winter, our winter, is its natural time of flowering, and it surely should not be difficult to retard the bulbs from June as given in the R.H.S. dictionary for the necessary three or four months. I came upon chinchinchee bulbs offered at a very moderate price in one of our more enterprising catalogues recently, and for all I know it may be in other catalogues, too. I think I must have a bash.



# PICTURES COVERING A WIDE FIELD: VARIED NEWS FROM MANY QUARTERS.



A MEMORIAL TO A FAMOUS ST. BERNARD DOG IN THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD, SWITZERLAND: MONKS LOOKING AT THE REPRESENTATION OF *BARRY I.* The St. Bernard dogs of the Hospice of St. Bernard, which search for, and rescue people lost in the snows of the Swiss mountains, are famous. *Barry I.*, a dog which died 100 years ago in an avalanche and is honoured by a memorial, saved forty people during its life. The name *Barry* has been borne by a succession of St. Bernard dogs of the hospice, and the present *Barry* is tenth of the line. *Barry IX.* was featured in a film in which Pierre Fresnay starred.



WITH ONE OF THE MONKS: *BARRY X.*, THE PRESENT-DAY BEARER OF THE HISTORIC ST. BERNARD NAME. HE EXHIBITS THE CHARACTERISTIC BENEVOLENT AND KINDLY EXPRESSION OF THE BREED, WHICH HAS BEEN KEPT FOR SEVERAL CENTURIES AT THE HOSPICE ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD PASS.



THE AMERICAN LADY IS A DEAD SHOT: MISS MARLENE BELLINGER SHOWS HER SHOOTING TROPHIES TO HER THREE-YEAR-OLD NIECE, KAYLENE MASSETH. Annie Oakley, the almost legendary American markswoman of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, has a present-day counterpart in Marlene Bellinger, of Seattle. This lady holds 32 national records, 464 medals, 48 brassards and 54 trophies. Her present title is National Small-bore Champion.



BELIEVED TO BE THE WORK OF SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS: "U OF S RAG DAY" WHITEWASHED IN 12-FT. LETTERS ON THE STONES AT STONEHENGE, SALISBURY PLAIN, WILTSHIRE. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OCCASION THAT THE ANCIENT CIRCULAR GROUP OF HUGE STANDING STONES HAVE BEEN DEFACED.



A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT: TWO MEN WHO DESCENDED IN AN ARCTIC WARFARE TRAINING EXERCISE IN CANADA ON THE SAME PARACHUTE, AND (LEFT; INSET) THE PARACHUTE COMING DOWN, SUPPORTING BOTH.

During a recent Canadian Arctic warfare training exercise the cords of two parachutes became entangled during a drop; one parachute collapsed, but the two men descended safely on the other, and landed in a snow-covered field. No wonder they smiled with relief.



KENYA SETTLERS PROTEST AGAINST TERMS TO MAU MAU: LED BY COLONEL ERNEST HUTCHINSON, THEY MARCH TO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, NAIROBI, WITH THEIR PETITION SIGNED BY TWO THOUSAND EUROPEAN SETTLERS.

British settlers in Kenya have expressed vigorous opposition to the Government's surrender terms to Mau Mau, by which past offenders are not prosecuted if they surrender voluntarily. More than seventy Europeans handed to the Government a petition describing the amnesty proposal as "shameful and ill-conceived."



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. INCONGRUITIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of furniture meant to be placed against the walls of a room, and very fine it can look, especially when married to mahogany or rosewood or tulipwood or kingwood. Those of us—that is, the great majority of us—who do not happen to have been brought up among fine French furniture, are apt to be a little repelled by

lacquer commode, from its style, is presumably from those twenty years, for the father worked mainly in the fashions of Louis XV.—more curves altogether. But each is a famous *maître ébéniste*. Jacques is remembered best by a magnificent black lacquer bureau in the Louvre, which once belonged to the Duc de Choiseul; René became furniture-maker to Marie-Antoinette and to the Empress Catherine II, of Russia, and is said to have been one of the very first to manufacture those delightful boudoir confectations known under the name of "*bonheur-du-jour*"—in other words, beautifully made and wholly ridiculous little writing-desks, which it would be sacrilege for a man to touch, and which a woman should only use for writing with mingled wit and passion—but not too much passion—to her flame of the moment.

Presumably there are to be found some who will disapprove of both the Queen Anne chair and the Louis XVI. commode, because neither expresses the real character of its age; each merely grafts a foreign fashion on to native stock, with a somewhat outlandish look. What are we to say of Fig. 3, the marble-topped side table supported by an eagle? There is nothing in the least Oriental about it, it derives wholly from the classical past as first disinterred and then re-created by earnest and self-conscious and learned men (a class to which the average cabinet-maker did not belong), and it is, at the same time, as English in its queer way as the Houses of Parliament. The design is typical William Kent, the first English architect to recognise that not only the building but its interior decoration was his concern—or, rather, to persuade his clients that a mansion designed by him was incomplete without the appropriate furniture, a practice which was developed later in the eighteenth century with enormous success by the brothers Adam. Kent (1684-1748) was the protégé of Lord Burlington and, a generation or so ago, used to be regarded as a somewhat heavy-handed designer of no great originality. Moreover, his contemporaries made fun of him, for his incorrigible dabbling in matters outside his competence. For example, he fancied himself as a painter, and in 1739 was actually appointed chief painter to George II. Lord Chesterfield thereupon produced the following verses:

As to Apelles, Ammon's son  
Would only deign to sit,  
So, to thy pencil, Kent alone  
Will Brunswick's form submit.  
Equal your envied wonders, save  
This difference we see;  
One would no other painter have—  
No other would have thee.

Hogarth, as you would expect, was equally biting and never tired of holding up to ridicule both Kent and his



WHEN lacquer cabinets began to come to England in the second half of the seventeenth century, it is not surprising that they were greeted with enthusiasm by a society which was just in the mood for something rich and full of colour. That they were treated with great respect is shown by the way in which the taste of the time attempted to do them honour, by placing them upon the most elaborately carved and gilded (or silvered) stands it is possible to imagine. It is really very odd indeed to see cabinet-makers making a virtue of so much ingenuity—the simple forms of the box-like importations resting upon the convolutions and intricacy then fashionable among all the best people.

Each generation (as has so often been pointed out here) is apt to deplore the modish antics of its predecessors, and there is little doubt that the subjects of Queen Anne looked upon a great deal of the furniture of the previous reigns as not only hopelessly out-of-date, but positively hideous. But they, in their turn, committed their own crimes, one of which is a rare and justly famous set of chairs (Fig. 1), for their maker cut up what must have been a very beautiful Chinese screen—an act of sheer vandalism for which I find it hard to forgive him, however worthy his intention and pleasant the result. He cut the screen to pieces to form backs and seats—delicate gilded lacquer on a black ground—and painted the arms of the Heathcote family above. Then he provided a vaguely Oriental curve or so beneath the seats and tied up his scrolls neatly with a very European scallop shell. The final result is dignified and imposing enough, very English and intended as a compliment to Eastern craftsmanship, but wholly misunderstanding the purpose, and blind to the beauty of those great twelve-fold screens which, when extended, lead the eye from landscape to enchanting landscape. They were generally called Coromandel screens, because our ancestors' knowledge of geography was vague, and much of the Far Eastern exports came as far as India by junk and were then transhipped to East India Company's ships; consequently, many who marvelled at them thought they had been actually manufactured in India on the Coromandel coast.

Screens could be stowed away on shipboard tidily enough, and so could a box-shaped chest or cabinet; stands with legs would be difficult and would take up a great deal of room. Therefore it is not surprising that the simple, elegant Chinese stands in lacquer or



FIG. 1. ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT: A QUEEN ANNE CHINESE LACQUER CHAIR PAINTED WITH THE HEATHCOTE ARMS.

This chair is one of a set of eight which was sold for £600 at a recent sale at Sotheby's. The backs and seats of the chairs are made from parts of an Oriental lacquer screen; and the arms are those of Heathcote impaling Parker, for William Heathcote, Member of Parliament for Southampton, created a Baronet in 1733, married in 1720 Elizabeth Parker, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield.

these marble tops, first because they are cold to the touch, and secondly because some of us have horrid memories of Victorian mahogany wash-stands in chilly bedrooms, marble-covered, gaunt and unlovely. How unjust that these infant prejudices should stick around and leave us hag-ridden! The maker of this piece, having no such inhibitions, was able to get on with his work without the slightest hesitation—"here," said he, "is the fabulous East translated, tamed, adapted and converted to the uses of civilisation," and we must admit that the work has been carried out with uncommon finesse; you really do notice extraordinarily



FIG. 2. A FRENCH VERSION OF CHINESE TASTE, c. 1775: A LACQUER COMMODE BEARING THE STAMP OF "I. DUBOIS."

The maker of this piece, Frank Davis writes, "was able to get on with his work without the slightest hesitation—'here,' said he, 'is the fabulous East translated, tamed, adapted and converted to the uses of civilisation.'"

sandalwood stayed at home, and Europeans did their best to adapt the new importations to current fashions. The French in these matters were no less ingenious and easy-going; both using Chinese lacquer and making marvellous imitations of it. Fig. 2 seems to me an admirable example of discretion—I think that's the word I want—in design, though what the Chinese might say about placing a slab of marble upon black-and-gold lacquer I don't know. Marble of one sort or another was decidedly "the thing" in France during the greater part of the eighteenth century for pieces

little incongruity between the Eastern—that is, the pattern of front and sides—and the Western elements—namely, the fluted, tapering legs, the ormolu laurel festoons at the corners, the ormolu laurel wreath-handles, and, of course, the marble top already noted.

This particular piece, which came up at Christie's recently in the collection of the late Lady D'Abernon, bears the stamp of I. Dubois—that is, I suppose, of the famous Jacques Dubois, who died in 1763 and whose widow and son, René, carried on the business for another twenty years, still using his stamp. This



FIG. 3. AN EAGLE DOMESTICATED BY WILLIAM KENT: ONE OF A PAIR OF CONSOLE TABLES.

This console table presents an eagle domesticated by William Kent and employed in household duties instead of holding up the lectern in church. It is one of a pair in gilt wood, with a marble top, which, like the French lacquer commode illustrated in the left-hand photograph, was formerly in the late Lady D'Abernon's possession and was recently sold at Christie's.

patron, Burlington. His worst crime was probably the monstrous screen in Gloucester Cathedral, but I can forgive him a great deal, for he was mainly responsible for the Horse Guards: what would London be without that sedate and comely building? If it seems an odd notion to employ an eagle in the home to hold up a table, remember that for several centuries we have used that noble bird to hold up the lectern in church. That seems natural enough: why not, said Kent, domesticate him? There were, in any case, plenty of eagles' heads on chair-arms already.



## A MISCELLANY MARITIME, METROPOLITAN, DIPLOMATIC, AND SPORTING.



BECHER'S BROOK, IN THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AT AINTREE, AS IT WAS UNTIL THE RECENT ALTERATIONS.

On February 14 Mrs. Topham, managing director of Aintree Racecourse, announced that alterations had been made to the Grand National course in accordance with the recommendations of the National Hunt Committee. On the landing side of Becher's Brook, the deep and narrow ditch has been broadened and a run-out made for trapped horses. No. 7 fence has been lowered 6 ins. to make it 4 ft. 6 ins.



BECHER'S BROOK, AS IT IS NOW. THE BOTTOM HAS BEEN RAISED AND GRADED AND A RUN-OUT ARRANGED.

On the landing side of Becher's Brook, the deep and narrow ditch has been broadened and a run-out made for trapped horses. No. 7 fence has been lowered 6 ins. to make it 4 ft. 6 ins.



A TRIUMPH OF MARKSMANSHIP: LIEUTENANT AND MRS. ORPEN-SMELLIE WITH THE ARRAY OF TROPHIES GAINED DURING THE H.K.R.A. HONGKONG BISLEY MEETING, 1955, AT KAI TAK. IN THE CENTRE IS THE GOVERNOR'S SHIELD.



TO DEPUTISE FOR BIG BEN, WHEN THE LATTER IS OVERHAULED IN 1956: THE ST. PAUL'S CLOCK, BIG TOM.

It was announced on February 8 that during 1956 Big Ben would be stopped for about two months during repairs. While the clock is stopped the B.B.C. will broadcast the chimes of Big Tom.



PRINCE ALI PATRICK, THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE PERSIAN THRONE, WITH HIS MOTHER.

Prince Ali Patrick, the son of the late Prince Ali Reza, the Shah's brother, is to be educated in Switzerland; and a diplomatic dispute has arisen as to whether his mother shall be allowed to live with him during this period.



THE TRINITY HOUSE FLAG BEING RAISED ON *PATHFINDER*, THE NEWEST PILOT SHIP, IN THE POOL OF LONDON.

*Pathfinder* (677 tons), the latest ship built for Trinity House, was to take up her station off Dungeness on February 22. She will carry twenty-two pilots, with much improved accommodation. Her base will be Dover.



(ABOVE.) INSIDE ONE OF THE FOUR STABILISER FINS NOW BEING FITTED TO THE GREAT CUNARD *QUEEN ELIZABETH* AT SOUTHAMPTON. (RIGHT.) MANŒUVRING THE FIN-BOX INTO ONE OF THE HOLES CUT INTO THE LINER'S STARBOARD SIDE.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce drawings by our artist of the fitting of Denny-Brown stabilising fins in the *Queen Elizabeth*. The *Queen Elizabeth* is not only far and away the largest ship to be fitted with stabilisers, but also the first to be fitted with two pairs fore and aft of the fore-funnel, and separated by about 141 feet. The work is being done by Messrs. Thornycroft at Southampton during a ten-week annual overhaul of the liner. The fins are, of course, remarkably small when the huge size of the liner is borne in mind.







## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### OURSELVES AND THE LIVING WORLD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAD returned from visiting a private menagerie. That was not what my new acquaintance called it. In fact, he made no attempt to give it a collective name, for to him it was part of his life, to be able to go into one cage, pick up one of his badgers, talk to it gently by name and fondle it. It was the same, in varying degrees, with his fox, hedgehog, raven, jackdaw, magpie and the rest. He had, of course, sufficient land to house them all properly, as well as the time and, with a pinch, the money to indulge his fancy; and he had been doing this for many years. It was not so much what I had seen as what it stood for that interested me. People have been keeping pets for a long time now. Primitive man did so, and, largely because of it, gave us our domesticated animals of to-day; or so we may presume. Primitive man also hunted, and down the ages we have had these two contradictory aspects of human nature, the impulse to destroy and the impulse to preserve, and so long as wild life was abundant destruction seemed less reprehensible and preservation less urgent. To-day the picture has changed radically.

It was while reflecting on this that I recalled an incident, long-forgotten, of my own boyhood. I had seen my elders take a kettle of boiling water into the garden to destroy a nest of ants, and then one day, having nothing particular to do, I came upon a nest of ants. There was nobody about to question my actions and before long I came out of the house with a kettle of boiling water and poured it on to the thronging ants. It was not long, however, before my sadism turned to remorse. There was one ant struggling at the margin of the pool formed on the garden path from the contents of the kettle. As I recall the incident my thoughts are also clearly remembered, as I gently lifted up the ant, determined to make amends to this one for the destruction I had caused. I placed it on a large, flat stone and watched over it while the sun's rays slowly evaporated the water encumbering it. And for the rest of the day I tended that solitary ant.

I have no doubt this, or something like it, is a commonplace event in the lives of the juvenile human male. Or perhaps I should say, it was a commonplace event, for the world is growing more sane and a sanity in regard to our attitude to animals is more especially reflected in the behaviour of children. This is by no means universally perfect. There are still catapults in use and stones being thrown at unoffending birds, but there is far less robbing of birds' nests merely to play destructive games with pocketsful of eggs. In a wider sphere, it seems that my early adventure in anticide and its sequel are symbolic of much that is taking place to-day. If the American

and the populations of the world are slow in growing up. So the battle of preservation is largely in the hands of the few. When it is a matter of destruction, however, a few wield immense power, whereas the few engaged on preservation must fight hard for every victory. Yet they have powerful, if as yet largely inarticulate allies. In this country they are

specialist-amateur ornithologist. Bird-watching is a social phenomenon that has crept upon us almost unobserved, and although its devotees may form a relatively small percentage of the total population their numbers have increased enormously in recent years. They are found in every stratum of society, in every walk of life, in every part of the country, and, most significant of all, they are most numerous among the inhabitants of large towns.



TRULY WILD AND NOT HARASSED BY HUMAN BEINGS: ELEPHANTS IN THE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO. Dr. Burton writes: "There are many signs that we are instinctively clutching at the remnants surviving from our destructive activities. Probably the most important of these signs is represented in the large areas of land, in some instance lands unsullied by man's hand, set aside as national parks. These will preserve for posterity something that might otherwise be lost for ever."

everywhere: I meet them in the free discussions following lectures, in letters received from those who do me the honour of reading my written words. In both these I have sensed an underlying disquiet. This springs from a variety of causes: from the fear that too rapidly we are denuding the earth of its natural resources, from a feeling of moral guilt that destruction itself is debasing, and so on. I would detect two other causes, both of which are probably more powerful, and almost certainly more widespread.

The increasing number of aviaries one sees in even small gardens are a more obvious symptom of the

increase, but the growth of bird-watching, as distinct from ornithology in the strict sense, outstrips any other field. It has some of the features of revivalism, while lacking its tempo, and in some quarters it has almost the aspect of a cult if not a religion. The underlying cause must, in all probability, be sought in changes taking place in our world to-day. It has been said that "colour and song in the ornithological world provide a constant stimulus to man's quest for beauty." I would prefer to say that colour and song of birds satisfy his quest for beauty and that the increase in materialism has stimulated this quest, as a matter of compensation. If so, then bird-watching is one with music, drama and other of the fine arts, which are also witnessing a revival.

Although birds represent less than 3 per cent. of the species in the animal kingdom—against the 75 per cent. represented by insects—they offer many advantages for those wishing to study them. They are obvious, they are accessible, they are not overwhelmingly numerous, and they are fairly uniform in structure. Generally speaking, they do not clash with man's interests and are, for the most part, beneficial. So there is little prejudice against them; and few birds are repulsive. They give opportunities, therefore, for a form of collecting which is in tune with the present social limits, of lists of names, notes on habits, photographs or pictures, and other information requiring no costly cabinets or large houses to accommodate it.

Bird-watching epitomizes probably a deep-seated quest for beauty and an inherent love of the wild, as well as perhaps providing a refreshing counterpoise to the complexities of the modern world, and the opportunity for "peaceful meditation and the calm contemplation of the simple world of animate, but inarticulate nature." It is not the only pursuit having these qualities, but it is chosen here to exemplify all the many others. And all have another virtue, and this reflects my second point, although it is difficult to say whether it is cause or effect. Its result is, however, to tend towards making the human race identify itself more and more with the rest of the living world. It is banishing such ideas as Man the Lord of Creation to the scrap-heap. It tends to imbue us with a sympathy, perhaps not untinted with remorse—as with my surviving ant of years ago—for all forms of wild life. If my analysis of the situation is anywhere near the truth, then those who are fighting the weary battle for preservation or conservation, whether for the single species on our doorsteps or for the unspoiled corners of the earth to be embodied in the growing number of national parks, have no cause for pessimism.



IN THE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK: A SANCTUARY FOR THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

In discussing "Ourselves and the Living World," Dr. Burton says: "To all appearances the hippo contributes little that is positive to the fertility of the soil. Even if we judge it by its contribution to man's welfare—a wholly wrong attitude, anyway—then there is this, that where the hippo has been killed off, the rivers forming its habitat have become denuded of fish—hippo dung fertilises the waters and helps to support large numbers of fishes."

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of L'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge.

bison can be represented by the colony of ants I destroyed, then the remnant preserved to-day in national parks corresponds to the solitary ant I sought to preserve, and I venture to think that the motives in the two vastly differing events are not wholly dissimilar.

Unfortunately, there are other parallels to be drawn. The first is that it is far easier to encompass wholesale destruction than to save even the remnant. The second is that it is an infantile trait to destroy,

first. Less obvious, yet part of it, is the great increase in aquarium-keeping, in keeping pets of all kinds, in attention to gardening and the increase in societies associated with it, to mention but a few. The most striking phenomenon, in this country at least, is bird-watching, a hobby which the future historian may well regard as one of the most notable social developments of twentieth-century Britain. The term "bird-watcher" may include all from those that keep a bird-feeding tray on the window-sill, to the professional and the





IN THE TYPICAL ATTITUDE ASSUMED WHEN DANGER THREATENS: THE MALE LITTLE BITTERN TRYING TO MAKE ITSELF INCONSPICUOUS WHEN DISTURBED ON ITS NEST IN A BUSH.



BRINGING A WEED TO REPAIR THE NEST: THE MALE LITTLE BITTERN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR AT 5000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR: THE LITTLE BITTERN RECORDED AT THE NEST BY MR. LOKE'S CAMERA.

When approached, the Little Bittern (*Ixobrychus minutus*), which breeds very commonly in the Kashmir lakes, elongates its neck and thrusts its bill upwards, so that, owing to the brownish stripes down its neck (which are intensified in the female), it is barely distinguishable from its background. In the cock the back and wings are blue-black, and in the female they are brown. The species has an immense range elsewhere than in India, the typical race nesting in South, Central and Eastern Europe, North Africa and Asia

Minor to the Caucasus, and a great part of Western Asia to Turkestan and Afghanistan. The nest, usually a few inches to as much as 3 ft. above the water's surface, is built in part by bending down a number of reeds, and then adding other pieces and leaves to form a shallow platform. Both the male and female take an equal share in building the nest, keeping it in repair, and in incubating the eggs, of which up to seven are laid. These studies of the Little Bittern were taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore.



## THE OLDEST MEDICAL TEXT IN MAN'S RECORDED HISTORY: A SUMERIAN PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION BOOK OF 4000 YEARS AGO.

By SAMUEL NOAH KRAMER, *Clark Research Professor of Assyriology and Curator of the Tablet Collection, University Museum, University of Pennsylvania*, and MARTIN LEVEY, *Department of Chemistry, Pennsylvania State University*.

*Photographs by Reuben Goldberg, staff photographer, University Museum, University of Pennsylvania.*

SOME time towards the end of the Third Millennium B.C. an anonymous Sumerian physician decided to collect and record for his colleagues and students a number of his more valuable medical prescriptions. He prepared a tablet of moist clay, 3½ by 6½ ins. in size, sharpened a reed stylus to a wedge-shaped edge, and in the cuneiform script of his day, proceeded to write down more than a dozen of his favourite remedies. This clay document, the oldest medical "handbook" known to man, lay buried in the Nippur ruins for more than 4000 years, until excavated by an American expedition and brought to the University Museum in Philadelphia.

The Sumerian doctor, we learn from this ancient document, went, not unlike his modern counterpart, to botanical, zoological and mineralogical sources for his *materia medica*. His favourite minerals were sodium chloride (salt) and potassium nitrate (saltpetre). From the animal kingdom he utilised milk, snake-skin and turtle-shell. But most of his medicinals came from the botanical world, from plants such as cassia, myrtle, asafoetida, alkali and thyme, and from trees such as the willow, pear, fir, fig and date. These simples were prepared from the seed, root, branch, bark or gum, and must have been stored, as to-day, in either solid or powdered form.

The remedies prescribed by our nameless practitioner were both salves and filtrates to be applied externally, as well as liquids to be taken internally. In case of the salves the instructions were usually to pulverise one or more simples, to infuse the powder with "kushumma" wine, and then spread common tree oil as well as cedar oil over the mixture. In one instance, however, in which pulverised river clay was one of the simples, the powder is kneaded in water and honey, and "sea" oil instead of tree oil is spread.

The filtrate prescriptions were more complicated and were followed by directions for treatment. Three of the prescriptions, where the text is reasonably certain, make use of the process of decoction. The sought-for principles are extracted by boiling in water, and alkali and salts are added, probably to obtain a greater yield of total extract. To separate the organic materials from the aqueous extract of the decoction filtration was no doubt practised, although this is not stated explicitly in any of the prescriptions. The ailing organ was then treated with the filtrate, either by sprinkling or washing. Following this, oil was rubbed on it, and then one or more additional simples were added.

In case of the remedies which were to be taken internally, beer was usually the vehicle which made it palatable to the patient—that is, the several simples were ground to a powder and dissolved in beer for the sick man to drink. In one case, however, where milk as well as beer seems to have been used for infusion, an unidentified "river" (?) oil was the vehicle.

Even from this lone tablet, the only medical text as yet recovered from the Third Millennium B.C., it is clear that Sumerian pharmacology had made considerable progress in those early days. Moreover, it reveals, though indirectly, a broad acquaintance with quite a number of rather elaborate chemical operations and procedures. For example, in several of the prescriptions the instructions were to "purify" the simples before pulverisation, a step which must have required several chemical operations.

Or, to take the case of the pulverised alkali used as a simple in one of the prescriptions, this is probably the alkali ash produced by the pit-burning of one of a number of plants of the *Chenopodiaceæ*, rich in soda (most likely the *Salicornia fruticosa*). Soda ash derived in this manner was used in the seventh century B.C., and much later in the Middle Ages for glass-making. Chemically speaking, it is of interest that in the two cases where alkali is prescribed in our tablet, it is used together with substances which contain a great deal of natural fat, thus producing a soap for external application.

Another substance prescribed by our Sumerian doctor which could be obtained only with the help

In one respect our ancient text is most disappointing. It fails to name the diseases for which the remedies were intended, and so we are unable to check their therapeutic value. It was certainly not very high, since the Sumerian physician made little, if any, use of experiment and verification. The selection of many of the drugs reflected no doubt the long-standing confidence of the ancients in the odoriferous principles of botanical elements. Some of the prescriptions, however, were not without their positive points. For example, the formation of a detergent was of some value. Furthermore, such substances as salt and saltpetre were highly effective, the former particularly as an antiseptic and the latter as an astringent.

Our Sumerian prescriptions suffer from at least one other obvious omission: they fail to specify the quantities to be used in compounding the simples, as well as the dosage and application frequency of the medicine. It is not altogether impossible that this is the result of "professional jealousy," and that our ancient physician purposely concealed the quantitative details in order to protect his secrets from the non-medical fraternity, or perhaps even from his colleagues. Tempting as it is, however, this explanation is rather unlikely. More probably the quantitative details just

did not loom important to our Sumerian prescription-writer, since, practically speaking, they could be figured out more or less empirically in the course of actual preparation and use of the remedies.

In any case, it is interesting to note, the Sumerian physician who wrote our tablet did not resort to magic spells and incantations; not one god or demon is mentioned anywhere throughout the text. This is not to say that the use of charms and exorcisms to cure the sick was unknown in Sumer in the Third Millennium B.C. Quite the contrary is true, as is obvious from the contents of some three-score small tablets inscribed with incantations and so designated by their ancient authors. Like the Babylonians of later days, the Sumerians attributed numerous diseases to the unwelcome presence of harmful demons in the sick man's body; half-a-dozen such demons are actually listed by name in a Sumerian hymn dedicated to the patron-deity of the art of medicine, a goddess known indifferently under the names Bau, Ninisinna and Gula, and described as "the great physician of the black-headed people [the Sumerians]." Be that as it may, the rather startling fact remains that our clay document, the oldest "page" of medical text as yet uncovered, is completely free from mystical and irrational elements.

The tablet was excavated from its 4000-years-old "hideout" more than fifty years ago by an expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, together with thousands of other cuneiform tablets and fragments. The first attempt to penetrate its contents, however, was not made until 1940, when Leon Legrain, former curator of the Babylonian Section of the University Museum, prepared a preliminary translation. In the course of the past decade Kramer worked at the tablet repeatedly, but made relatively little progress, and came to the conclusion that, because of its technical character, it would be wise to get help from a scholar

interested in the history of science, particularly in the chemistry and pharmacopœia of the ancients. He therefore asked Martin Levey, a chemist specialising in the history of science, to collaborate with him in the effort. While Kramer worked on the Sumerian signs, words and grammar, Levey combed the relevant literature, particularly the works of Thompson, Küchler, Ebeling and Labat, to identify the *materia medica* and to clarify, at least to some extent, the chemical processes implied throughout the text. The resulting joint study will be published as a scholarly monograph in the near future. Needless to say, there is much on the tablet that remains uncertain and obscure. But, as is evident even from this brief sketch, enough is now understood to make us realise that it adds another page to the early history of science in general and of medicine in particular.



THE WORLD'S OLDEST RECORDED PRESCRIPTION BOOK: THE FRONT FACE OF A TABLET, DATING FROM ABOUT 2100 B.C., AND FOUND AT NIPPUR SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REVEALED IN TRANSLATION AS A SUMERIAN PHYSICIAN'S NOTEBOOK.

The writer divided the obverse of the tablet into three columns, the left column being the first. He wrote from left to right, beginning at the top of the first column in the upper extreme left and continuing to the bottom of the column on the extreme lower right. He then turned the tablet bottom side up and began to write on the reverse, which was also divided into three columns, except that its first column was the one on the right. The obverse is poorly preserved and only a few of its original 83 lines can be read. Enough remains to show that it contained from eight to ten prescriptions.

of some chemical knowledge is potassium nitrate, or saltpetre. To judge from much later Assyrian times, it is not unlikely that the Sumerians inspected the surface drains in which nitrogenous waste products, such as urine, flowed, and removed for purification whatever crystalline formation was to be found. The problem of separating the components, which no doubt included sodium chloride and other salts of sodium and potassium, as well as degradation products of nitrogenous matter, was solved probably by the method of fractional crystallisation. In India and Egypt there is still current the ancient procedure of mixing lime or old mortar with decomposing nitrogenous organic matter to form calcium nitrate, which is then lixiviated and boiled with wood-ash containing potassium carbonate to yield nitre on evaporation of the filtrate.





THE TWO MARKED-OFF SECTIONS ARE TWO PRESCRIPTIONS WHICH READ WORD FOR WORD AS FOLLOWS : (1) GISH-HASHUR-BABBAR [WHITE PEAR(?) -TREE], E-RI-NA-U-GISH-NANNA [THE ROOT (?) OF THE "MOON"-PLANT], U-GAZ [PULVERISE], KASH-E U-TU [DISSOLVE IN BEER], LU AL-NAG-NAG [LET THE MAN DRINK]; and (2) NUMUN-NIG-NAGAR-SHAR [THE SEED OF THE "CARPENTER"-PLANT], SHIM-MAR-KA-ZI [GUM RESIN OF MARKAZI], U-HA-SHU-AN-UM [THYME], U-GAZ [PULVERISE], KASH-E U-TU [DISSOLVE IN BEER], LU AL-NAG-NAG. [LET THE MAN DRINK].

WHAT THE SICK MAN OF NIPPUR WAS DOSED WITH 4000 YEARS AGO : THE WORLD'S OLDEST PRESCRIPTIONS.

This tablet, the reverse of that shown on the opposite page, is excellently preserved and the following is a pioneer translation of part of it by Professor Kramer, assisted by Mr. Martin Levey. "(1) Pulverise . . . [and] river clay ; knead it with water [and] honey ; let 'sea'-oil and hot [?] cedar oil be spread over it. (2) Pulverise [bark of] the pear[?]-tree and the 'moon'-plant [perhaps a *Menispermum* species] ; infuse it [the powder] with *kushumma*-wine ; let tree-oil and hot [?] cedar oil be spread over it. (3) Pulverise [bark of] the pear[?]-tree and the root [?] of the 'moon'-plant ; dissolve it in beer ; let the man drink it. (4) Pulverise the seed of the 'carpenter'-plant [perhaps *Gymnosporia serrata*], the gum-resin of the *markazi*-plant, [and] thyme ; dissolve it in beer ; let the man drink it. (5) Apportion[?] . . . turtle-shell, 'horned' alkali (*Salicornia fruticosa*) salt, cassia ; knead them together with powdered

asafoetida ; wash them in high-quality beer [and] boiling water ; sprinkle all its [the mixture's] water, its sprinkling [fluid] upon it [presumably the ailing organ] ; rub tree-oil over it ; let pulverised fir-cones [?] be added. (6) Purify [and] pulverise the [skin of a] water-snake ; pour water [over it and over] the *amamashdubkaskal*-plant, the root of myrtle, pulverised alkali, flour of *gamgam*-barley, and the [skin of the] *kushippu*-bird ; boil ; let its [the mixture's] water be poured off ; wash it [the ailing organ] with the water ; rub tree-oil on it ; let *shaki* be added. (7) Purify [and] pulverise the . . . of a cow ; pour water [over it and over] a branch of myrtle, a 'star'-plant, the root of the *ab*-tree [perhaps *Commiphora opobalsamum*], [bark of] the pear[?]-tree, and *ib*-salt ; boil ; let its water be poured off ; wash it with the water ; let potassium nitrate [and] the . . . -plant be added."



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## DOLLARS AND SOVEREIGNS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"IN my line of business," said O. Henry's Jeff Peters, most persuasive of rascals, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, strictly honourable partner to graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times." I am afraid that dear Jeff would have shaken his head over the methods of the Hollywood producer who is the central figure of "The Ghost Writers" at the Arts, yet another satire on the manner in which the remarkable city of the Golden West conducts itself.

True, O. Henry—and what a pity it was!—wrote before Hollywood existed; it may well be that, if he had had the chance, the cheerful and voluble Jeff ("Satan is a hard boss to work for") would have enjoyed himself among the film studios. Not, perhaps, in the manner of Paul Finch at the Arts, but in his own sweet way. Certainly I would have welcomed his appearance in "The Ghost Writers" as a companion for the fellow that George Coulouris acts now with so much gusto. This part dominates the play amusingly, though it is dangerously on one note. Ted Allan, the dramatist, has no real faculty for what Mr. Polly, in different circumstances, called "verboojice" and "rhapsodoocce," and it is just that in which Jeff Peters gloried: the right gift of the right gab.

Much of the gabbing in this convoluted play is about dollars and contracts. True, there is a matter of conscience; there is also much talk about political "smears," something, it seems, almost inseparable from modern American drama. In the theatre, alas, as we know too well, the honest man can be less beguiling than the rogue, and the rogues' gallery is much the happiest part of this piece. You never knew so much dodging and sidling and double-crossing. To describe the vagaries of the plot would be fatal: it might be like trying to put on paper an accurate description of the mesh of railway lines at Clapham Junction, assuming that the lines were dancing an intricate reel while one wrote.

The author may hold—doubtless he does—that it is all very simple, very simple indeed. But then he has lived with the play, lived with the characters since (I have an idea) they were so many match-sticks on a plan. I could merely pin my hopes to the part of Paul Finch as that frenzied executive, blarneying, hectoring, pleading, sat now behind one desk, now another, or wandered round his friends' house like an

produced a character slightly larger than life-size. The trouble, as I have said, is that the writing is on one note. If a Jeff Peters of 1955 had walked into Finch's office, we might have had a true battle of wits. But Jeff, I am sorry to recall, died with O. Henry.

Other parts are acted usefully. Bernard Braden has thrust the comedy across to us. But, in future, if I think of "The Ghost Writers"—and one never

as "a convenient milieu for a comedy of indecision." But he may be taking the piece a little too seriously. It does seem to me that the indecision is the dramatist's own; that he has dithered between a play—depending, so one had gathered earlier, on a confusion of Christian names—that might quite easily have turned up in a theatre-list of 1910, and another piece, with an altogether deeper significance, that ends with the recruitment of Flora Robson to the nursing service. The audience was puzzled, not surprisingly, and the evening petered and flickered.

I am not saying that the comedy is unamusing. Owen Holder has a nice way with nonsense (I like the young man who says "I am going into the library to write a good book"), and I think that the piece would read well. Its title derives from a third-act line, something to this effect: "A kind of folly—like life itself, which is no more than a search to find where one belongs." An unexpected line, I feel, to meet in a piece that had begun so conventionally.

There is wit; there are a few blithe extravagances; there is dangerous tedium; and there is a Colonial Office man, back from Nigeria and bound for North Borneo, who seems to be the sort of figure recognisable in early Maugham. Denis Carey, one of the best of our producers, has touched the play along, and the cast is spirited, even if Flora Robson must always be in the mood of "Il Penseroso" rather than "L'Allegro." Jean Kent, Wilfrid Hyde White (bland hedonistic badger), Jack Gwillim (Colonial Office), and the author himself (fizzing around, as my companion said, like some young man from the St. Olde's of "Charley's Aunt") help a comedy that needs help—and wanders alarmingly.

Few half-tones are apparent in Reginald Craddock's "Night Returns In Africa." I met this piece at the "Q"; it should almost certainly appear in the West End, though that presumably must wait for some months and a second version. We are in a Kenya farmhouse. The subject of debate (and more than debate) is the Mau Mau terror; the dramatist knows his facts. He has written a play that, beginning as a "document," flares of a sudden into intense theatre-stuff of a kind that leaves an audience gasping. The scene lasts for only ten minutes or so. Never mind. It is worth reconstructing the play to save that passage, and I imagine that the work will be done.



"YET ANOTHER SATIRE ON THE MANNER IN WHICH THE REMARKABLE CITY OF THE GOLDEN WEST CONDUCTS ITSELF": "THE GHOST WRITERS" (ARTS THEATRE), A SCENE FROM TED ALLAN'S PLAY, SHOWING MIKE BEDFORD'S LIVING-ROOM WITH (L. TO R.) PAUL FINCH (GEORGE COULOURIS); MIKE BEDFORD (JERRY STOVIN) AND HIS WIFE, JULIE (ANDRÉE NELLY).

knows—I shall remember only Mr. Coulouris's roving eye, now sadly anxious, now wildly hopeful, now fired with a new idea. I am sorry that Panoramic Pictures, Inc., has lost so galvanic a figure as Mr. Finch. Or has it lost him? The man might well have got away with it, even though we had to leave him at the end in as nice a jam as it was possible to contemplate. At least, all telephones seemed to be at work at once, and beads of sweat stood out upon the brow. Probably life in Hollywood is like this. Quite probably. . . .

If "The Ghost Writers" runs to a rustle and crackle of dollar bills, then "A Kind of Folly" (Duchess) is haunted by the jingle of sovereigns. Not that we hear a great deal about money. It is simply that the period is the spring of 1910, a golden world when (as they did in Ardén) men and women fled the time carelessly. We are accustomed to think so,

though maybe in 1910 they looked back with similar longing to the high days of 1865. Anyway, this is late-Edwardian comedy in a setting suitably ornate. It is Belgravia; apple-blossom (I am inclined to think) is glowing outside the windows; and Owen Holder, the actor-dramatist, has whisked us into what appears, at first, to be a pastiche of the drawing-room play, complete with ornate dialogue.

Now an eminent colleague has assured us that the author is merely using the period



"DENIS CAREY, ONE OF THE BEST OF OUR PRODUCERS, HAS TOUCHED THE PLAY ALONG, AND THE CAST IS SPIRITED": "A KIND OF FOLLY" (DUCHESS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM OWEN HOLDER'S PLAY, IN WHICH SARAH BELLAIRE (JEAN KENT) AND SARAH ASHBY (FLORA ROBSON) FIGHT A DUEL WITH UMBRELLA AND POKER, WATCHED BY EUSTACE (OWEN HOLDER) AND WILLIAM (WILFRID HYDE WHITE—RIGHT).

anxious pirate who had buried his treasure in the wrong place, and who knew that someone might light upon it the moment his back was turned. Mr. Coulouris acts him with contagious enthusiasm. The man is a horror, but somehow one would like to see him cutting through his tangles; and the chief merit of this play—which, without its film pirate, would be thin indeed—is that it has



"THERE IS WIT; THERE ARE A FEW BLITHE EXTRAVAGANCES; THERE IS DANGEROUS TEDIUM; AND THERE IS A COLONIAL OFFICE MAN, BACK FROM NIGERIA AND BOUND FOR NORTH BORNEO": "A KIND OF FOLLY," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) EUSTACE (OWEN HOLDER); HENRY (JACK GWILLIM); SARAH BELLAIRE (JEAN KENT); SARAH ASHBY (FLORA ROBSON) AND WILLIAM (WILFRID HYDE WHITE).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NIGHT RETURNS IN AFRICA" ("Q").—A drama of modern Kenya (the Mau Mau in the foreground) that we may find again, revised. There is one exceedingly strong scene. (February 8-13.)

"THE GHOST WRITERS" (Arts Theatre Club).—More light on Hollywood; and one feels like adding, "More light and light; more dark and dark our woes." Still, the play does keep us listening, largely for the sake of its principal rogue. Ted Allan enjoyed the creation of this producer who is used to blarneying himself out of trouble, but who cannot be expected to win every time. George Coulouris acts him; much depends upon his zest, though we ought to be thinking of the author's moral indignation. (February 9.)

"PODRECCA'S PICCOLI" (Saville).—The Little People once more, at their best. (February 11.)

"A KIND OF FOLLY" (Duchess).—A comedy of 1910 by a dramatist of 1955. Though he aims at something more than pastiche, Owen Holder creates a fatal indecision in the audience. He can be witty, but his last act does not march with the other two. However, there is a mind behind the play, and it is acted with loyalty by Flora Robson (even if comedy is not her real home), Wilfrid Hyde White, Jean Kent, Jack Gwillim, and the author. And Mr. Holder is fortunate in his producer, Denis Carey. (February 15.)

Here we were leagues removed from the polite flutterings of an Edwardian drawing-room or the cross-questions and crooked answers of a stage Hollywood. Even Jeff Peters would have had no word for the Mau Mau, and that is saying a lot. "Verboojice" does not serve when it is a matter of gun against gun, at night and on a lonely farm.



# "THE ARTS OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY": A LOAN DISPLAY.



REPRESENTING A FOREIGN ATTENDANT FOR THE DEAD: A TOMB FIGURE OF A CURLY-HEADED YOUTH, WITH TRACES OF BLACK AND RED PIGMENT. (Height, 10.5 ins.) (Mrs. C. G. Seligman.)



STANDING WOMAN, THE DRESS COVERED WITH A BLUE GLAZE THAT HAS FLAKED OFF. (Height, 13.7 ins.) (The Mount Trust, by courtesy of Captain and Mrs. V. Bulkeley-Johnson.)

## ATTENDANTS FOR THE DEAD: CHINESE TOMB FIGURES.



ARMENIAN PEDLAR, WITH PACK AND FLASK, A REPRESENTATION OF A NON-CHINESE TYPE. UNGLAZED, WITH RED AND BLACK PIGMENT. (Height, 9.2 ins.) (Mrs. C. G. Seligman.)



STANDING ACTRESS, WITH HIGH HEAD-DRESS, HOLDING A SCROLL IN EACH HAND. UNGLAZED, WITH BLACK, RED AND GREEN PIGMENTS. (Height, 14.8 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. F. Brodie Lodge.)



STANDING MAN, WITH A BIRD ON THE RIGHT WRIST, IN LONG, BELTED ROBES. TRACES OF RED PIGMENT. (Height, 14.7 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. F. Brodie Lodge.)



A DANCING WOMAN, WITH HAIR DRESSED IN A HIGH WHORL. UNGLAZED WHITE POTTERY, WITH TRACES OF RED AND BLACK PIGMENT. (Height, 7.9 ins.) (Mrs. Alfred Clark.)



SEATED HOUND, COVERED WITH A CREAM GLAZE. AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE CHARM OF THE T'ANG POTTERY ANIMALS. (Length, 4.5 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Gure.)



STANDING WOMAN ATTENDANT HOLDING A VASE. UNGLAZED, WITH BLACK AND RED PIGMENT. (Height, 15.2 ins.) (H.M. the King of Sweden.)



HORSE AND RIDER, THE HORSE WITH THE OFF-FORELEG RAISED, WITH GAME HANGING FROM THE SADDLE. UNGLAZED, WITH TRACES OF PIGMENT. (Height, 15 ins.) (Captain Dugald Malcolm.)

"THE Arts of the T'ang Dynasty," the second exhibition organized by the Oriental Ceramic Society at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, was due to open on February 25, and will continue until March 30. The T'ang period (618-906 A.D.) in China was one of outstanding cultural achievement, and this important Loan exhibition has been designed to cover the whole field of T'ang art—ceramics, sculpture, carving in jade and lacquer, and painting. A particularly attractive section is devoted to the mortuary wares. Writing of these in his foreword to the catalogue, Mr. Basil Gray points out, "The main claim to our attention in the (Continued opposite.)

Continued.] tomb figures is their vivid realism, so unusual in Chinese art . . . they represent a kind of magic—the provision of servants and entertainers of various kinds beyond the grave, by their symbolic representation in the tomb. For us, these give a direct picture of the T'ang society such as we do not have for any other period in Chinese history. It is a cosmopolitan society—Central Asian dancers and musicians, Persian grooms and merchants, Javanese acrobats and boxers, Turks, Jews, Indians, they are all in attendance. This was due as much to the foreign frequenters of China as to Chinese expansion overseas." We illustrate a few of these figures.





OPERA HOUSE, COLOGNE, MODEL BY WILHELM RIPHAGEN. A LARGE OPERA HOUSE AND SMALL THEATRE HAVE BEEN PLANNED FOR THE CITY CENTRE, WITH JOINT WORKSHOPS AND STORES.



PLANS FOR STREET FRONT, BUILDING A RESIDENTIAL ESTATE PLANNED IN 1930 BY WILHELM RIPHAGEN, A KIRCHENTYNN AND WORKSHOPS. THE BUILDINGS STRIKE THE COURTYARD OF COURTESY OF THE HOUSE.



ROMAN CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE CHURCH, ALDENHOVEN, BY ALFONS ERDT. A TRANSITIONAL DESIGN GIVEN A NEW LEASE OF LIFE BY THE USE OF MODERN MATERIALS (CONCRETE, GLASS, STEEL).

## "GERMAN ARCHITECTURE TO-DAY," EXHIBITION, CHURCHES OF UNUSUAL



CROSS-SHAPED EVANGELICAL CHURCH, USACH-PALEMBERG, BY F. G. WINTER. ON MODEST LINES, WITH A CONFIRMATION CLASSROOM WHICH CAN BE USED AS A TRANSSEPT.



EVANGELICAL CHURCH, BAD GODESBURG: BY O. BARTNING AND O. DÖRFBACH. DESIGNED WITH PARTITIONS WHICH CAN BE REMOVED FROM ADJOINING ROOMS TO GIVE EXTRA SPACE.

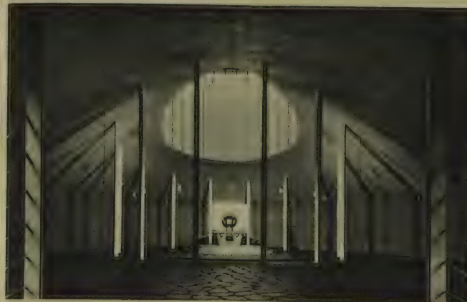


ALL SAINTS ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN, BY ALDOUS GIEFFER AND H. MACKLER. THE DESIGN IS BASED ON THE SHAPE OF A PARABOLA.

AN interesting exhibition of photographs "German Architecture To-day," was due to open at the Royal Institute of British Architects, in Portland Place, on February 23 and will continue until March 24. After that date it is to go on tour and will visit various great cities in England and Scotland. Prepared by the *Bund Deutscher Architekten* (League of German Architects) and sponsored by the Bonn Government, it has been designed to illustrate how the problem presented by the shortage of houses, schools, factories and commercial and ecclesiastical buildings consequent on the vast scale of war damage in Germany, has been tackled. The exhibition is, in general, a review of work carried out since the war; and is divided into sections representing various building groups, with, in addition, an introductory section containing examples of buildings designed before and after World War I. Three of the most interesting divisions deal with present-day housing, educational buildings and churches. The churches, a number of which are illustrated on our pages, are of exceptional interest. The highly original designs have in certain cases been so planned for special reasons. For instance, the Freiburg Roman Catholic Hospital Church has an elliptical plan, unusual in Roman Catholic churches. The reason for this is that it allows the maximum

(Continued opposite.)

## A NOTABLE LONDON PHOTOGRAPHIC DESIGN, AND OTHER BUILDINGS.



ROMAN CATHOLIC PARISH CHURCH OF ST. ALBERT, SAARBRÜCKEN, BY G. BÜHN. AN OVAL HALL ENCLOSED THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE ALTAR AREA, LIT FROM THE CUPOLA.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, DELFT, NEDER RHIN, BY FRITZ SCHALLER. THE INTERIOR IS OF UNPLASTERED RED BRICKWORK, GREY CONCRETE AND NATURAL LIGHT WOOD.



ST. LOUIS EVANGELICAL CHURCH, FREIBURG, BY HORST LINDE, M. DIEHM AND E. HINT. DESIGNED SO THAT THE LIGHT FROM THE ALTAR AND CHANCEL SHINES ON THE CONGREGATION.

historic German towns where damage occurred yet some ancient buildings remained had to design and construct so that inharmonious and incongruous effects were avoided. The churches put up are of considerable interest. The term does not indicate anything makeshift, but means that the functional components were prefabricated, whilst the outer walls were built from materials available on the spot—debris, rubble, and so forth, from demolished buildings—thus saving time and money.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, HOSPITAL CHURCH FREIBURG, BY HORST LINDE, H. KAUFMANN AND M. HESSELBACHER. THE BEDRIDDEN PATIENTS LIE IN THE GALLERY.



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN GIESSEN-TEMPLE, BY ADOLF DAVYD. THE CLASSROOMS ARE ARRANGED AROUND A CENTRAL COMMUNAL HALL WHICH CAN BE USED AS AN ASSEMBLY ROOM. (COURTESY OF THE GIESSEN HALL.)



ST. LOUIS EVANGELICAL CHURCH, FREIBURG: THE ENTRANCE, SHOWING THE TOWER AND BELFREY. ALL THE MATERIALS ARE USED SO AS TO EXPLOIT THEIR OWN SPECIAL QUALITIES FULLY.

Continued.  
number of bedridden patients to take part in the worship. The gallery holds about 90 to 100 beds, and the character of the interior has been made specially cheerful to counteract the depression sick persons naturally feel. The Roman Catholic Parish Church, Saarbrücken, is also planned in the form of an oval. The only source of light is the cupola above the altar. In this way the special pattern of light and dark and the interplay of the shadows endow the building with beauty and mystery. The Roman Catholic Pilgrimage Church, Aldenhoven, shows how an old tradition of design has been given a new lease of life by the use of present-day building materials—concrete, glass and steel. In places where complete destruction took place it was possible to construct without reference to the past, but in other places, such as the standing, the architects had to design and construct so that inharmonious and incongruous effects were avoided. The "emergency" churches put up are of considerable interest. The term does not indicate anything makeshift, but means that the functional components were prefabricated, whilst the outer walls were built from materials available on the spot—debris, rubble, and so forth, from demolished buildings—thus saving time and money.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I AM for ever baffled by the connoisseurs who groan over contemporary fiction, and pronounce it "finished," or, at any rate, in a bad way. Either, one must suppose, they speak in ignorance—or they have dizzily high standards, and regard all but great works with contempt. But if so, why pick on the novel? To-day there are few giants in any sphere; while, on the other hand, the range and output of good fiction is, I should say, striking, unprecedented, and, to the individual writer, even cruel. How short-lived, usually, is a *succès d'estime*; how much, that ought to have been heard of, vanishes without a trace!

No doubt we all (excluding connoisseurs) have our own instances; and though the present week adds nothing one would "sink to save," it puts the level of expectancy in a strong light. How, if the prospect were so bare, could one demur at "Sunset on the Window-Panes," by Walter Macken (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), or think of it as not quite coming off? Because it *does* come off, with great firmness and character, almost at every point. The scene is the Galway village of Boola; perhaps the theme might be called trial by ordeal. Part of the time, Boola's chief agent of affliction is an absentee, but his afflictions don't wear out. "It would have been so much better for all of us," says the blind girl who used to love him, at the very end, "if that Bart had never been born." Meanwhile, Bart also is being tried: by his wild blood, by his intolerant, despotic mother, by his compulsion to hit back. He is not bad—only ungovernable, and unlucky.

As in the opening scene, when he has just been chucked out of the training college. Bart will get no chance to explain; he never does. And he is not sorry, and won't pretend. In this resentful mood, he falls in with the schoolgirl Breeda, who has admired him secretly for years. All he intended was a walk with her—and with his frail little half-brother, who has tagged along. Then comes a moment's temper on the cliff; and he has wrecked two lives. Breeda will never see again. Joseph will never be a priest—as he finds out, after a long, meek struggle with "stupidity."

At that time, Bart is far away. He has left other victims in his wake; but they have one infallible resource, which is to make the best of things. Like Bart's kindhearted little stepfather, John Willie Baun: like Una Cleery, who was the village's "bad girl." These have accepted life and are content; while Mrs. Baun, and Una's dour, hardworking lovechild, have always fought it and been miserable. Breeda can still make herself happy, if she is brave enough. And though poor Joseph, shorn of his vocation, is a helpless freak, no one can stop him being a saint.

What strikes one most is the firm, vivid narrative, the grip of each scene as it comes. It is a noble story, beautifully set in a real village. But it is slightly undynamic as a whole; and the last act—the vision and its ill-starred sequel—misses the true ring of finality.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Young Have Secrets," by James Courage (Cape; 12s. 6d.), reflects New Zealand on the eve of the First World War. It is about a small boy caught up in a love-affair, which is beyond his grasp, and which he brings unwittingly to a bad end.

Walter, a country boy of ten, is undergoing a year of exile at a prep. school in Christchurch, and has to board with the headmaster. There are three daughters of the house. Miss Muriel, the eldest, is the one at home; Rose is a nurse; Hilda has lately married a young architect. But they were all in love with him; and Rose, the most elusive and romantic, is the one he loves. When she returns home from a job, passion and hate flare up again, and the polite, abstracted little boy comes to learn more and more. Only he can't half make it out; and in the end—half-conscious of his blunder—he repeats too much.

Rose has a certain grace; but it is not the tale we care about, it is the small boy and his daily round. For Walter is dead real. And he is ordinary: quiet, sensitive, pathetic, lonely—but still an ordinary little boy, not, like so many of his kind, a budding psychopath or aesthete. Walter at home, at school, or with his friend the semi-savage Jimmy, is too good to miss.

"The Long Way Back," by Margot Bennett (Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), gave me an agreeable surprise. For it starts out like science-fiction. Indeed, it may be science-fiction. At least, it is a drama of the future—about fifteen centuries after the "Big Bang." This is believed in Africa to have been some catastrophe of nature; for though the local master-race, the coloureds, are totalitarian and mechanised to a high pitch—they have just split the atom, and they determine everybody's life, in childhood, through a grading machine—prehistory is not their forte. But now a flight to darkest Britain has been organised...

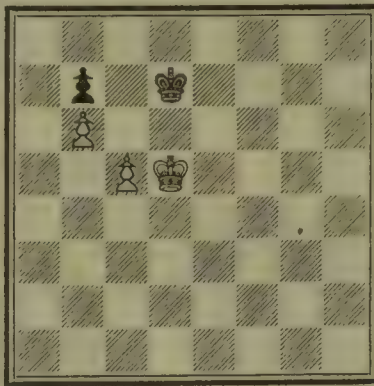
Here wit and fantasy take charge. Britain has gone back to the jungle—and to what a jungle! It is chock-full of mutations: finger-length cats, and horses 18 ins. high. And there are packs of ravening, and (as it turns out) holy dogs. And a few stone-age men—a pale, bald little race, who speak a kind of English, worship a fearsome deity named Thay, and have an atavistic dread of progress... Yes, it does sound like science-fiction. But it doesn't read like that. The flavour is too civilised. The human element, especially the dialogue, is too amusing. The plot is too rich in dramatic irony.

"Murder in Pastiche," by Marion Mainwaring (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), offers a brilliant and endearing joke. Nine world-famous detectives—with "Atlas Poireau" at their head—are crossing the Atlantic on the *Floribunda*, all at the same time. Shortly, the nastiest passenger is murdered, and they detect in turns. The writer is American; the sleuths are mixed; the ship is English-lunatic, with a mad Captain and a literary Doctor, spouting a crazy-epic poem. There is a real though slender problem, suitably resolved; and at their best, the "methods" are not parody—they are the very thing. Nor is a previous acquaintance *de rigueur*; I was enchanted with "Spike Bludgeon," whom I didn't know. But—will the masters be quite pleased? In their place, I should lie awake.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHAT is the most efficient way for White to win from this position?



You would not expect such a simple ending to reveal such discrepancies in the literature as are brought to light in a letter I have just received from Mr. R. Phypers, of Enfield, an old correspondent of mine who, unlike some, never writes unless he really has something to say.

Alexander in his little text-book "Chess" (p. 109) recommends:

- |                    |       |
|--------------------|-------|
| 1. P-B6ch          | P×Pch |
| 2. K-B5            | K-B1  |
| 3. K×P             | K-Kt1 |
| 4. P-Kt7 and wins. |       |

It would be little use Black's finessing by 2... K-Q1 as White would counter-finesse by 3. K-Q6. It all seems very convincing but...

Turn to Abrahams' "Teach Yourself Chess," p. 221. This author gives the above play but goes further, considering an alternative first move for Black:

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| 1. P-B6ch   | K-B1  |
| Now 2. P-B7 would only draw as White can never get any forrader after 2... K-Q2; so (continues Abrahams): |       |
| 2. K-Q6   | K-Kt1 |
| 3. K-Q7   | K-R1  |

after which White gets his win by 4. K-B8. But why should Black be so obliging? By 3... P×P instead of 3... K-R1; he can draw without trouble, as Mr. Phypers points out, e.g., 4. K×P, K-B1; 5. P-Kt7ch, K-Kt1; 6. K-Kt6 stalemate, and so on.

Clearly if Alexander or Abrahams had played this ending along the method which they recommend for their readers to win (which I doubt!), they would—against an opponent who seized his chances—only draw.

Bonham and Wormald in "Chess Questions Answered" (p. 33) show how the ending really ought to be played: "White's first task is to gain his Q6"; he does this by 1. K-K5, K-B3; (otherwise White plays 2. K-Q6 or 2. P-B6 at once); 2. K-Q4, K-Q2; 3. K-Q5 (the original position but it is now Black's turn to move), K-Q1; 4. K-Q6, K-B1. Now the win is easy: 5. K-K7, K-Kt1; 6. K-Q7, K-R1; 7. P-B6, P×P; 8. K-B7 (quicker than 8. K×P), P-B4; 9. P-Kt7ch, etc.

Reuben Fine, dealing with a similar stock position in his "Basic Chess Endings" (p. 22, for the benefit of the bibliophile), does not consider for a moment the over-hasty initial pawn move which jeopardises the win. Moreover, dipping into my library, I now find that Ponziani, writing in 1782, and Philidor in 1777 (!), showed the right method. Where did Alexander and Abrahams dig up that wretched 1. P-B6ch?

MUCH as I admire Mr. Sean O'Casey, I found myself in two minds over the concluding volume of his autobiography "Sunset and Evening Star" (Macmillan; 21s.). It is, of course, attractive—written in that bustling, allusive style which is so favoured by many contemporary Irish writers, from Mr. O'Casey at one end of the scale to Dr. St. John Gogarty at the other. It is a style which leaves one breathless—sometimes with excitement, sometimes with bewilderment and a puzzled hope that one has been chasing Mr. O'Casey along the right road. Chronologically (if a Will o' the Wisp can be said to exist in time) it takes us from his return from the United States to the present day. It is, as I say, never easy wholly to keep track of him, and occasionally one would wish that one did not have to try. This is when Mr. O'Casey is at his most bitter—and the bitterness of a disillusioned Irishman is the very distillation of gall and wormwood. His description of the late T. P. O'Connor, for example, leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. Parnell may have been deserted by his followers, "Tay Pay" may have behaved worse than some to them (though that would be difficult), but Parnell's folly was, apparently, only matched by his obstinacy, and the consequent harm which he did to the cause of Irish Nationalism had results as far reaching as, ultimately, they were bloody. No, Mr. O'Casey's picture of his last meeting with the dying man does less credit to the writer than it does discredit to the object of his hatred. Nor will Chestertonians be any more attracted by his picture of one who was at least as great a writer as Mr. O'Casey himself. There is, too, always something a little out of place in a convinced Irish Socialist, the Irishman's essential individualism according ill with the somewhat cheerless creed propagated by the refugee of Soho and Highgate. These criticisms apart, there is plenty to stimulate the imagination and plenty also, particularly in the chapters describing the war as seen from his home in Devon, to move the heart. Only, one is left with a feeling of sadness for Mr. O'Casey, the man. Perhaps this pity is misplaced (certainly, I am sure it would be resented), but one could wish that so much talent, so much passionate resentment of the things he believes to be wrong, could have earned for the author a greater share of happiness than appears to be his.

An attractive book on Ireland is "The Stranger in Ireland," by Constantia Maxwell (Cape; 25s.). Dr. Maxwell selects her "strangers" from a period which covers that from the reign of Elizabeth I. to the Great Famine. In her introduction, she points out the difficulties which the English invaders, particularly the Tudors, had in making Ireland, outside the Pale, conform to the pattern of English Government and English land tenure. This led to rebellion after rebellion, and that unhappy succession of atrocity and counter-atrocity which made Irish history the miserable story which it became. Her first "stranger" is Edmund Spenser, who was Secretary to Gray, the Lord-Deputy. Spenser, the sensitive, attractive poet, seems to have been not in the least immune to the infection of that strange brutality and insensitiveness which so often seems to have affected the English (surely one of the kindest races in the world) on reaching Irish soil. For example, he expresses no regret for the horrible massacre at Smerwick in 1580. Still, he seems, like so many other Englishmen before and after him, to have settled down happily on the estates which had been given him as part of the Plantation of Munster, and to have been in a fair way to becoming, like others, as Irish as the Irish. When, however, Tyrone's great rebellion broke out in 1598, and the English were totally defeated at Yellow Ford, his castle of Kilcolman was burnt—a tragedy for Spenser, but in the eyes of the besiegers mere retribution for receiving stolen property. Among the other "strangers" Dr. Maxwell introduces us to Don Francisco de Cuellar, one of the small minority of Spanish officers in the ships of the Armada wrecked on Irish shores, to live to tell the tale. Those who escaped the natural hazards of that fearful coast were massacred by order of the English Government, or as a result of the natural plundering instincts of the kerns. The most objective and interesting picture of eighteenth-century Ireland is that provided by Arthur Young, the agriculturalist (and careful observer of all he saw), while the most amusing is the picture of Thackeray leaving Cork by the coach, "The Skibbereen Perseverance," for Killarney, and his tolerant delight in a country which was "as beautiful as strange as romantic as the most imaginative man on 'Change could desire." And which "had everything" except the rain, of which he wrote: "I never saw anything like the violence."

A wholly charming book is "The King My Brother," by the seventeenth-century scholar, Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Heinemann; 21s.). Mr. Hartmann has collected for our delight the correspondence between Charles II. and his beloved youngest sister, Henriette-Anne. The "Minette" who married Monsieur, Louis XIV.'s brother, captivated the French Court, as she did that of England on her visits to this country, and remained the hero-worshipping *confidante* of her Royal brother until her death. Her affection for Charles made her always the leader of a pro-English faction at the French Court—indeed, while she wrote to him in French, Charles was at pains to reply to her in English as a tacit reminder that she was first and foremost an English princess. Her most notable achievement was the Secret Treaty of Dover, which after all these years now looks to have been as wise a piece of statesmanship as a maritime Power could have desired. A book which gave me great pleasure and which is, as Sir Arthur Bryant says in his preface, "likely to remain the most definitive work" on this tangled period in Anglo-French relations.

To come nearer our own times, there is a curious but not unattractive book "Revolution of the Lonely," by P. J. Bouman (McGraw-Hill; 17s. 6d.). This covers world events in the past fifty years, and although the author has used what he calls the "filmic method," it is interesting enough. On the other hand, he commits the, to my mind, unpardonable sin of putting thoughts into the minds of the personalities, and even describes their actions in private—for which there is no historical evidence and, therefore, no justification.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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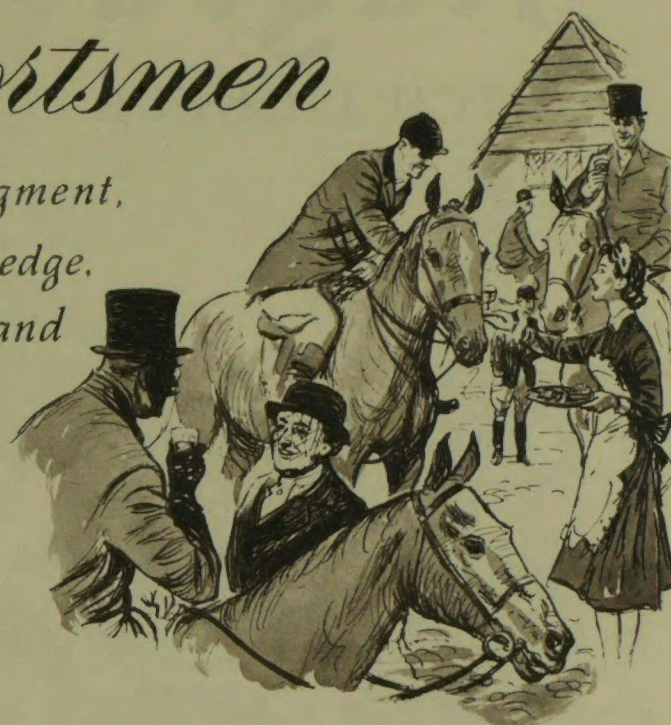
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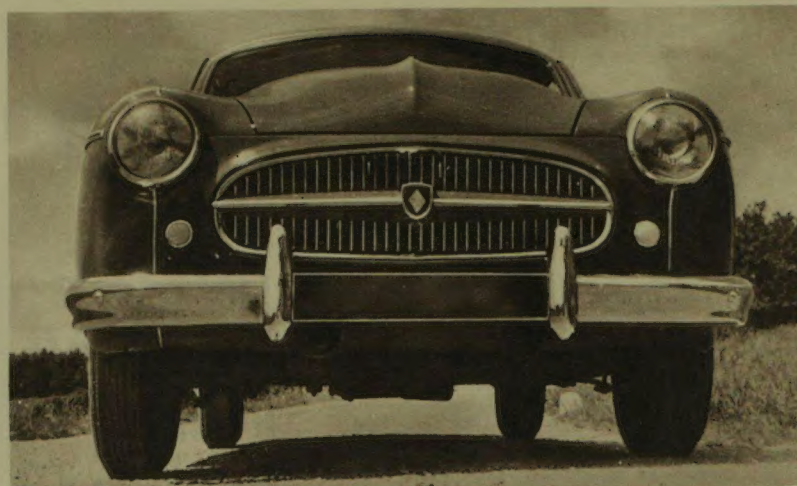
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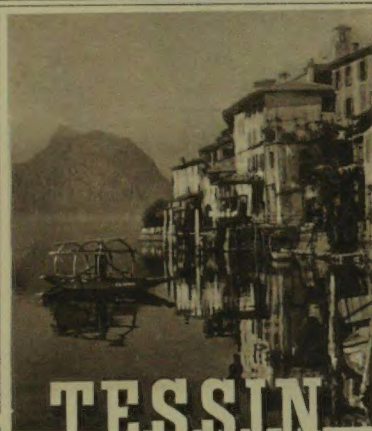
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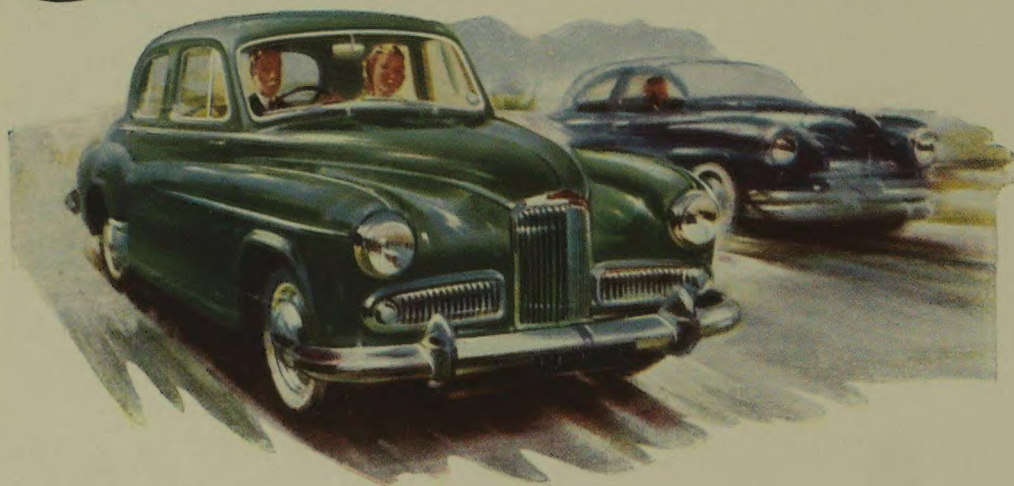
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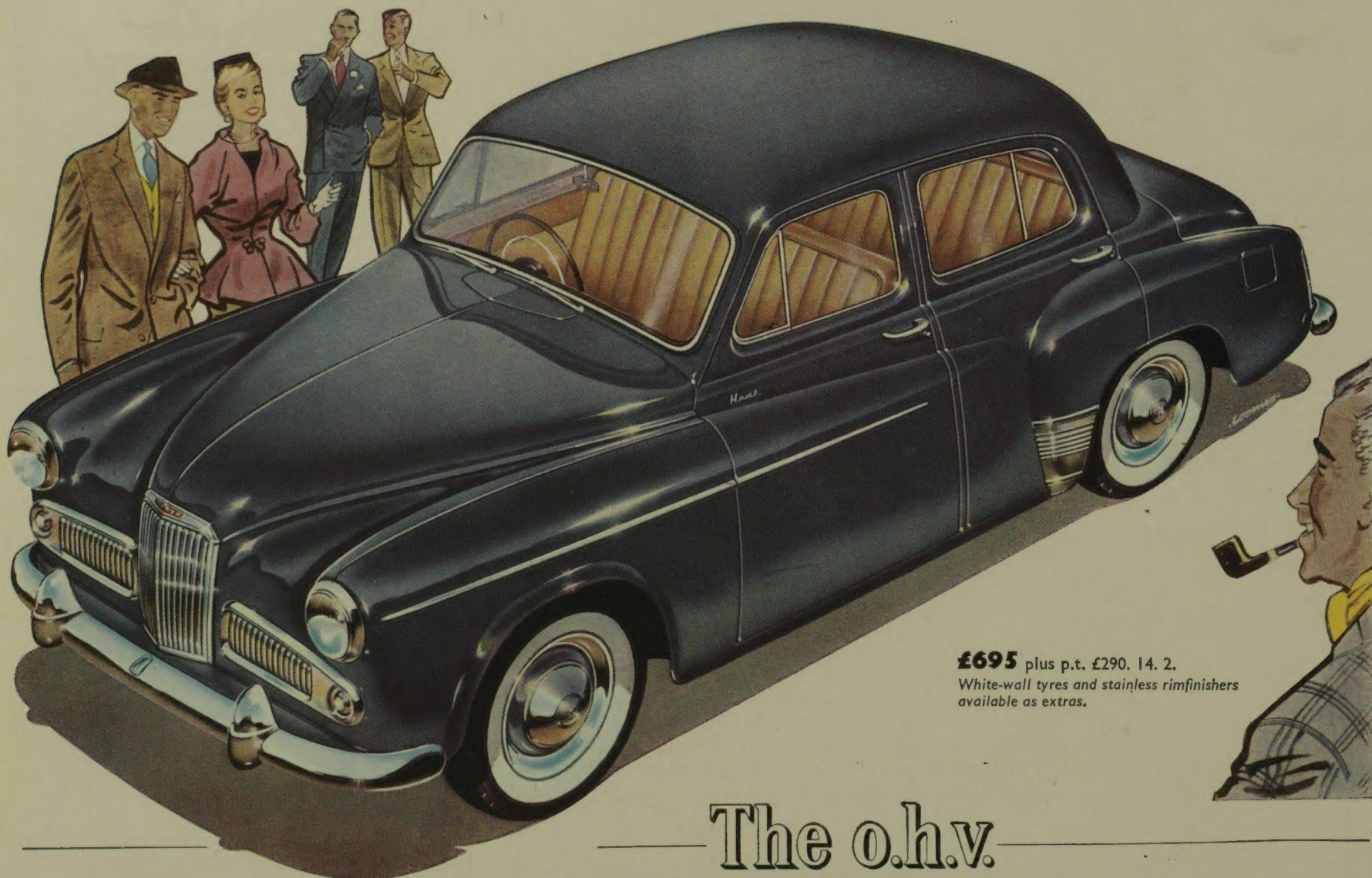
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